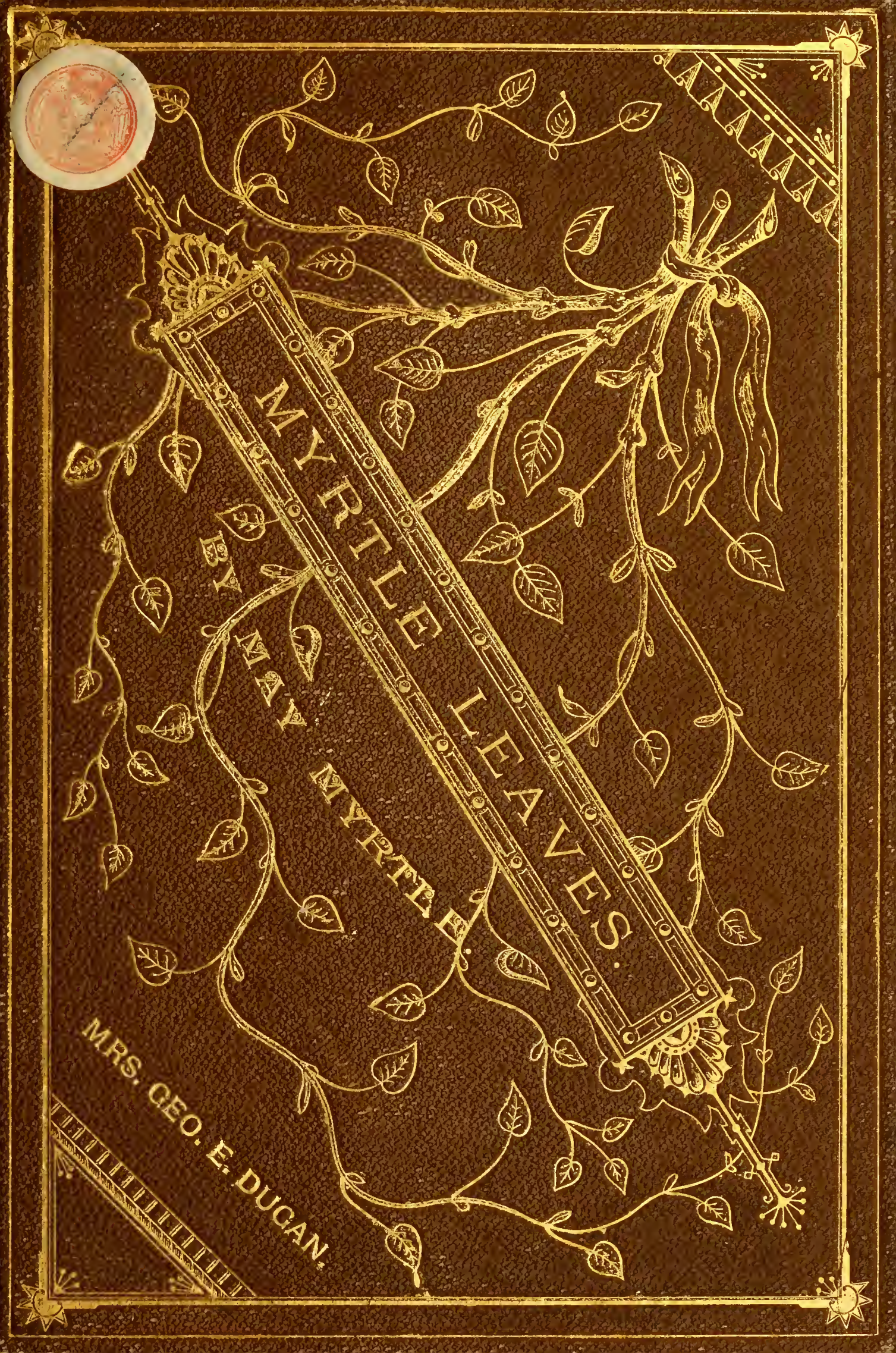
MYRTLE LEAVES.
BY MAY MYRTLE.
MRS. GEO. E. DUGAN.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PS 1555 Copyright No.

Shelf .D38

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Sincerely Yours
Mary Bagley

MYRTLE LEAVES,

A MISCELLANEOUS

COLLECTION OF POEMS,

BY

MAY MYRTLE,

(MRS. GEO. E. DUGAN.)

SEDALIA, MO.

Not for the Critic, nor the Scholar Classical, but for the People,
is this Volume published.

SEDALIA, MO.;
DEMOCRAT CO., STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.
1885.

PS1555
.D38

DEDICATION.

TO THOSE DEAR FRIENDS WHOSE

GENEROUS COMMENDATIONS

AND

KIND CRITICISM HAS BEEN MY BEST INSPIRATION.

THIS VOLUME IS LOVINGLY AND

GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

This little vessel, freighted with rude rythm, does not start out from port with gaily fluttering sails, expecting to cruise far away to distant lands, but timidly she hugs the shore, fearing the deep waters, and content to be hailed by a few loving hearts, as she goes on her limited journey. The critics may lie in wait, like sharks, where the white-capped waves roll, but this small craft will never sail far enough away from home to be destroyed by them. One author says boldly: "Every book is its own excuse for existence, and needs no apology for its publication." I say not so of this venture, but prayerfully send the volume on its way, hoping that some one may find in it a line to commend, if there be many to censure.

Go, little leaflets, from the vale of song!
Bear tender message to some troubled heart.
Speak for the right, and reprove the wrong,
And to some saddened soul new hopes impart.
Though great, white blossoms wave above thee high,
Thy mission lowly is *thy* mission yet;
Go bravely, then, and hush some lonely sigh;
Go without fear, and without vain regret.

INDEX.

	PAGE
Missouri	9
Maybelle	14
Earl Lane	15
An Answer	16
A Wreck	17
A Good Man	18
Patience	19
Lee Sinclair	20
Vashti	21
Kate	23
Love is Best	24
Grandmother's Dream	25
De Profundis	27
Trysting	28
Bereft	29
Only This	29
Sundered	30
If You Should Die	31
The Last Call	32
The Bells of '76	33
Margery Cross	34
The Old Gate	35
Temptation	37
Struggle Upward	37
Coquetting	38
The Suicide	39
To Grandma Kullmer	40
A Little While	41
Voices	41
The Dead Hero	42
Two Pictures	43
My Pastor's Wife	45
Two Little Girls	46
To M. Myrtle S.	47
Homesick	48
Those Days	49
Thoughts	50
Baby Myra	51
After Many Years	52
Rest	53
Forgiven	54
Gold or Dross	55
A Perfect Day	56
Tribute	57
Baby's Grave	58
Happy New Year	59
As Ye Sow	60
Thy Future	61
A Miracle	62
Regret	63
A Woman's Mistake	64
Gone	65
Good-Bye	66
A Change	67
Hugo Dead	68
Pearls in the Sea	69
To Miss G. J.	70
May	70
Victor Hugo	71
Farewell	72
Not Well	73
A Bouquet	74
Ghosts	75
John Janson's Way	76
Von Weber	80
Five Years	81
Tragedy	82
A Threnody	83
A Rebuke	84
A Lesson	85
Thanksgiving	87
Queis	88

	PAGE
Someday	89
A Portrait, To Mrs. Y. S. McG...	90
Sympathy	91
Which?	92
After the Shower	93
Music	94
The Old Story	95
Be Brave, Firm and True.	95
As the Birds Sing	96
Lines, To Mr. and Mrs. H. Y. Field	97
Memory	98
Her Prodigal	99
Parting	100
Mary and Martha	101
Ingratitude	102
Mobbed	104
Indian Summer	106
Sweet Voices	107
Her Sin	108
Under the Shade of the Trees	109
Over, Over	110
Annabel Grey	111
You and I	112
My Darling	113
Our Pastor	114
Unrequited Love	116
One Critic	117
A Woman's Story	118
My Ship Went Down	120
Philosophy	121
Fragments	122
My Friends	124
Baby is Sick	125
Will Power	126
Dead	127
Too Late	128
Dead Sea Fruit	129
In Memory	131
A Singer Gone	131
A Love Song	132
Hope	132
The Bitter Speech	133
To a Caviler	134
Gratitude	135
A Lover	136
Marah	136
Growing Old	137
Had I Wings	138
Suspended	139
Then and Now	140
Only Sleeping	142
Her All	143
Saved by Grace	144
Despair	145
Weary	145
Words and Deeds	146
White Sails	147
July 4th, 1885	148
Deceit	149
She Loved Him	149
Lines, In Memory of P. P. Bliss	150
The Singer	150
For You	151
To Mrs. M. H. W	152
A Picture	153
Something Cheerful	154
A Broken Shell	155
To My Daughter	156
In Memoriam, Dedicated to Mrs. S. J. Sturdevant	157
After Twenty Years	158

	PAGE
Disquiet	160
Trust	160
The Pitying Angel	161
Thy Will Be Done	162
To Idyll	163
Unreconciled	163
Offended	164
Uncle Damon	165
At Rest	165
The Reason	166
Sundered	167
Answer to a Letter	168
Memorial	169
Questions	170
A Grave	170
Then	171
A Passing Thought	172
Forever	172
The Baby Show	173
A Memory	174
The Undercurrent	175
Beyond	175
Work and Rest	176
The Shadowed Way	177
Is It True?	177
Woman's Aspirations	178
In Memory Of Leroy G. Mills	179
Winter	180
The Two Grandmothers	181
Through Pain	182
September	183
Greeting	183
The Ides of March	184
Only a Dream	185
A Ghost Story	188
Resignation	189
Tempted	190
Fancies	191
Under the Linden	192
Be Still	193
Only a Little Coffin	193
A Monologue	194
John and I	195
As at First	196
Lines To Mrs. S. F. B.	197
Pennsylvania	198
Contrast	199
Ad Finem	200

Missouri.

"*Salus populi suprema est lex.*"

[Delivered before the Missouri Press Association at its Seventh Annual Meeting at Carthage, Mo., May 8th, 1883.]

AN infant in the Nation's arms
In 'twenty-four Missouri lay,
With few to recognize her charms.
The babe is fair—few thought to say.
Neglected, still the infant grew,
And 'ere the nation was aware,
She was a maiden sweet to view,
And many said, The maid is fair.

Then strong men sought her sunny smile,
And made them homes upon her soil;
Her brave young heart was free from guile,
And kindly welcomed all who toil.
From South, and North, and East men came,
And crowned the maid Queen of the West,
They joined their fortunes with her name—
Of all the world they loved her best.

A simple race of pioneers,
Tired of shams, longing to be free!
They came and settled. Ah! the years,
How swift they pass; and destiny,
How strange it runs! It is not long
Since first Missouri smiled on men
Of Saxon race, nor thought it wrong
To welcome those who wield the pen.

As time rolled on the maid was wed
To Progress, one whom she loved well.
The swift years sped with steady tread,
And new friends came their love to tell.
Then children fair were born to her—
Brave sons, and daughters—her's to claim.
Of this small band none did demur,
Or think it ill to bear her name.

They wore her motto on their shield;
  They loved her honor, and her fame;
They fought for her on tented field,
  That none might justly give her blame—
Her children have been brave, and strong,
  And famous in their day and time,
Out in the wide world's busy throng,
  And in the pleasant field of rhyme.

One son for years in Senate stood,
  Presiding o'er the slow debate,
Giving counsel wise—and good—
  An honor to his native State.
There is a story, little more
  Than legendary, which does say,
That he the highest office bore
  The Nation gives, for one brief day.

He did not claim the honor then,
  We do not ask it for him now.
He lives, and is king of men,
  Without this crown above his brow.
Still there are heroes on her soil,
  Brave as was Brutus, grand, of old
Noble men, who think and toil
  For something better than mere gold.

How long since one refused to say
  Two words—which would a fortune clear?
Should not he wear a crown of bay?
  How many yield him homage here?
When drifting years have washed our eyes,
  Then shall we see this act shine bright,
Then shall we know that sacrifice
  Is always grand, in human sight.

O, could I to this hero give
  One tiny leaf of fadeless bloom,
Which in a coronet might live,
  To brighten something of earth's gloom,
With reverence it should be given
  As something sacred, set apart,
Belonging less to earth than heaven,
  Like deeds of love from Christian heart.

I think sometimes a shudder thrills
  With sorrow our Missouri's breast,
Since now but earth and rubbish fills
  The grave where Daniel Boone should rest.
That rifled grave should be our shame,
  Since there it lies with weeds o'ergrown,
And not a shaft to bear his name,
  Or show that here was his loved home.

But now I pass, to note how fast—
  As if by magic—all the lands
Are being taken—first, and last,
  Her acres go, like ocean sands.
We know our State is not outshone,
  In beauty, by a single one
Of all the States, not *one* alone,
  From shores of Maine to Oregon.

Her cities stand serene on hills,
  Or lie embowered in the vales;
Her rivers are not swollen rills;
  Hemp, wheat, and corn, and cotton bales,
Go floating o'er Missouri's tide
  Like drift before a rising flood,
Tossed lightly, still they safely ride
  To the best harbor, sound and good.

Her railroads like thick net-work lie,
  Across the prairies, mountains, dales,
They gleam beneath the azure sky
  Like ripples, where a huge fleet sails.
Rich stores of wealth, large yields of grain,
  Great trains of iron, and coal, and lead,
Fly swiftly on through dell, o'er plain,
  To market, safe, and quickly sped.

Though not a century has passed
  Since her first settlement was made,
Her schools can not be much surpassed—
  Complete are they, in every grade.
Thus education—mighty power!
  Without which any state would fall,
She fosters with a handsome dower,
  Which gives good schools, and *free* to all.

Her press!—ah, here, my courage fails;
  Shall I dare touch a theme so grand?
Who near the shore but watch the sails
  Of boats which visit every land?
Her writers stand sublime and strong—
  A gallant army, loyal, true;
Firm for the right, they battle wrong
  In solid Phalanx—gray and blue.

No matter what the discords were;
  Missouri's sons who wield the pen
Are brothers now, and honor her
  Who bids them vanquish evil men.
'Tis true, they sometimes disagree,
  As brothers will, of every band;
But scorn *Missouri*, and then see
  Them arm in arm, and hand in hand.

To fight her battles to the death.
With earnest stroke of trenchant pen.
With heaving breast and bated breath—
You *know* that they are brothers then.
Forgive my boldness; all unsought
This honor came, and so I pray
You will accept, with kindly thought,
The little gift I bring to-day.

The old States laugh, and wag their heads;
Missouri scorns their silly mirth;
She stands majestic, while, half dead,
They count their gold, and hug their hearth.
A matron, handsome, proud and wise,
Missouri stands, with placid brow,
And gives rich gifts of every guise,
Her land is full of treasure now.

A noble Benton, Bates and Blair,
Have been among her gifted ones,
Whose glory she may always share,
Her own, and her adopted sons.
The wreath from Bishop Marvin's brow
Lies waiting for another hand:
Ah! there are honors plenty now—
High places for her sons to stand.

And they are coming to the fray,
An earnest voice, in ringing tones,
Is heard in Senate halls to-day,
For our Missouri and her homes.
Then let us honor this great State,
And prove her noblest, grandest, best;
Let not her throne be desolate—
Long may she reign, Queen of the West!

Maybelle.

LET me come—in my rags—to your gate Maybelle,
Let me speak 'ere my tongue grows thick with wine,
Let me talk—for oh! there is much to tell
Of that sacred, far away, olden-time.

When we stood there by the river's brink,
Your shining hair 'gainst my breast Maybelle:
When we pledged sweet troth—I did not think
You could e'er forget, love's holy spell.

Yes; "men should be strong"—I grant Maybelle,
But the strongest hearts know the truest leal,
And they who forget their vows Maybelle,
Have hearts like flint, or polished steel.

I have kissed your lips—don't shrink Maybelle,
My kiss was purer then than thine,
For 'twas true, but thine was false, Maybelle,
An lies leave a darker stain than wine.

Now oft, in the revel the maddest soul,
I curse the hand of Fate, Maybelle,
And quaff—to its dregs—the foaming bowl,
And strive for a heart all hate, Maybelle.

But through these scenes, that past, Maybelle,
Burns like a fire within my brain,
And my tortured heart will throb and swell
'Neath an awful weight of dismal pain.

I am nobody now; you are rich and great,
Prospered, and honored, and loved, Maybelle.
Proud, you reign in your high estate,
Sorrow is seldom your guest, Maybelle.

I am an outcast, oft wanting bread,
  I haunt the places of sin, Maybelle,
My rest at night, the street, or a shed,
  Where I dream of the "might have been"--Maybelle.

I can not hate you, go back to your home,
  I feel the strength of the wine, Maybelle,
And will seek a spot 'neath the clouds, alone,
  And dream of that olden time, Maybelle.

Earl Lane.

GO back to your tomb! you are dead, Earl Lane,
  And your grave is sodden with tears, and cold,
Now it matters not if in shine, and rain,
  Your only couch is the matted wold.

You know why I left your side, Earl Lane!
  Now let the past, with its horrors go,
And seek--if you will—those haunts again
  With their hidden mines of crime and woe.

Oh! had you lived, and been true, Earl Lane,
  I should, this night, be your loving bride,
All the wealth I craved, was to wear your name,
  But you were false, alas! and died.

Now I am a bride, you a ghost, Earl Lane,
  Oh! Why did you come from your tomb of sin,
To tear my heart with that past again?
  And grieve me with the "might have been?"

Good bye, for ever and ever, Earl Lane,
  Present and future are yours—'tis true—
But put our past in its grave again,
  You are dead to me; I am nought to you.

An Answer.

YOU ask me what I most regret,
Of all my life that's o'er;
My life so near the chill sunset,
So near the mystic door.

Your question brings the saddest tears,
My eyes have ever shed;
And all the weight of mis-spent years
It lays upon my head.

And every bitter word I've said
To give some heart a pain,
Comes like the ghost of anguish dead,
To vex my soul again.

And then I grieve that in the past
One dart was ever sent,
Or any careless shadows cast
To mar a heart's content.

For days speed by, and moments go
Like insects in the sun,
Like Autumn leaves, both friends, and foe,
Are falling, one by one.

And so we seem to war with death,
Who strive in anger here,
There floats away, a transient breath,
And we are full of fear.

Just now my heart sincere believes,
Of all its weary past
It most regrets, most surely grieves,
O'er shadows it has cast.

A Wreck.

SHE glanced at the ring on her small white hand;
Then her gaze wandered out to the sea,
Where a storm-torn ship was lashed to the strand,
And she thought of her lost Willie Lee.

She saw the white sails of a vessel rise up,
Small flecks on the blue of the sky;
She wonderingly gazed, as it neared the port,
Forgetting the man who stood by.

Forgetting her promise to walk by his side,
The wearisome journey of years;
Forgetting to-morrow would greet her a bride,
And almost forgetting her fears.

A sigh crept up—touched her lips—sped away;
While the tears slowly dropped on her heart,
As out of the window the last lingering ray
Of sunshine, did slowly depart.

It touched her pale cheek, kissed her eyes, and her hair,
As if tenderly saying "good bye."
It ne'er touched the wooer, who lingered there,
Growing sad, he could not tell why.

Hark! a step on the stair, a passionate tone
"Oh! Nellie, my darling, I've come
Safe home from the waves; dear Nellie; still mine?
My heart is as ever, all thine."

The wooer, forgotten, looked o'er the sea,
—The wreck madly rocked near the strand;
"Like thee, my life, torn and tattered, like thee;
Hopeless, am I wrecked on the sand."

The morrow was fair, leaves danced in the breeze,
Birds sang, flowers bloomed gay and bright,
Two hearts beat as one, 'neath blossoming trees,
The wreck had quite vanished from sight.

A Good Man.

[Written in Memory of General Geo. R. Smith, the founder of Sedal'a, and the good friend to all who were poor or in affliction.]

A MAN, in all things brave, and good,
Strong in the might of manhood's worth;
Among the ranks of men he stood,
As true a man as walked the earth.

Proud of his honor, and his name,
He never stooped to lowly act.
He sought not praise, and feared not blame,
His life from blame was yet intact.

Whate'er was right, and just, and true;
This did he, frown who might, or would:
He gave to every man his due,
And this by all was understood.

No cringing spirit ever found,
A lodging in his noble heart;
And yet, he gave no careless wound,
To cause the bitter tear to start.

Ah! gentle was he as a child,
When wrongs did not disturb his breast,
And like a tender woman—mild,
When his strong spirit was at rest.

When roused by a dishonest deed
A very lion then was he;
In foremost rank he took the lead
In every fight for honesty.

Above most men he towered, tall
Like a giant oak, and broad;
He scorned all actions mean and small,
Nor cared who might, or did, applaud.

He left behind him monument
  Of gracious deeds in human hearts;
He seemed a very angel sent,
  To still the pain despair imparts.

When good men die, the people weep;
  Sedalia lost this noble friend;
And wept, when calm he lay asleep,
  And cries could not his large heart rend.

They placed him in a lonely grave,
  And planted flowers o'er his head;
There with the gentle, and the brave,
  He rests, among the honored dead.

No one has filled his place, as yet,
  Perhaps no mortal ever will.
The poor his kindness will forget
  Only when their hearts are still.

And now I bring this simple song,
  Slight tribute to his manly worth;
I think he never did a wrong,
  (A studied wrong) to one on earth.

Good men, alas! they are so rare,
  A tribute may be paid their name,
When they are silent, resting where
  No breath can reach, of praise, or blame.

Patience.

BE still, my heart, with patience wait,
  The morn must dawn—it may be late—
But sunshine sweet must gild the sky,
  And clouds and shadows all pass by.

Be still, oh, heart, and hide your pain,
  The Spring will bring bright flowers again;
And fresher, sweeter will they be,
  When darkness and the shadows flee.

Lee Sinclair.

ONE winter, long ago, so long I don't remember,
Whether rain, or snowfall, made bleak the chill December.
I mind that darling Leah, the only child e'er given,
To bless or curse our lives, was ten years old and seven.

Bright, sunny seventeen! lithe as a bending willow,
I'd kissed her rosy cheek each night upon its pillow,
And thought how more than fair, the child had grown—"a lady"—
I would not have it so, she was to me my baby.

One morn I went to call my birdling from her slumber—
'Twas Christmas morn I mind—though years I've ceased to number—
I live to tell you Lee, my baby had forsaken,
Her father, mother, home, and ways of sin had taken.

I woke as from a dream—they thought the blow had killed me—
Yes, woke, but not the same, for bitter thoughts quite filled me,
I vowed before them all, that I would ne'er forgive her,
And said with thrill of joy, that I should long outlive her.

Three months had dragged their length, her father could not bear it,
But left me, with my woe, he had not strength to bear it;
And thus all left alone with heavy weight of sorrow,
I smothered every groan, and watched for each to-morrow.

One night, a low faint cry, a baby's voice in wailing,
I oped the casement wide, and there, beside the railing,
A tiny basket lay—a child close wrapped within it,
Which sobbed in such a way, I feared 't would die each minute.

That babe, dear Lee, was you, to me a Heaven-sent
treasure.
Her child, quite well I knew, and that gave me dis-
pleasure,
So I've not been as kind, at all times, as a mother—
Yet you, poor outcast one, have never known another.

What! Ruth, you here to-night? your place is in the
basement,
How could I see her there, half hidden by the casement;
'Tis true she's faithful been, and long and kindly
served me,
And she has heard this tale—my dear, it quite unnerves
me.

"Mother!" did she say? oh, God, it is my baby;
Toiling these long years, her heart half broken, maybe,
Ruth! Leah! daughter mine, O let these arms enfold
you,
My eyes so dim, and old, grow brighter to behold you.

My child! can this be true? Here, kneel close down
beside me,
And read the paper through, nor stop to justly chide me,
Married, true, and fair, the one we had forbidden.
My grandchild, Lee Sinclair, your birthright's no more
hidden.

Vashti.

IN Shushan gardens all was gay and bright;
The royal wine, from golden goblets flowed,
And when had passed in revel, the sixth night,
The King had journeyed far on Bacchus' road.
Queen Vashti in the the King's house proudly stood
And honor paid to Mede and Persian guest,
Majestic in her noble womanhood,
Of all the land the fairest and the best.

The King, all flushed with wine, then boasted loud
  Of Vashti's beauty. And unwisely cried
To all that leering Oriental crowd:
  "The Queen I'll have before you in her pride.
Go bring the Queen," a drunken King's command—
  "That I may show her perfect beauty here."
Mehumen, in mute protest, raised a hand,
  And said—"she will not come, O King, I fear."

Proud Vashti, Queen of many provinces;
  The future ages then appealed to thee:
"Shall women be slaves to a beastly whim?
  Or, with thou, prove their royal majesty?"
The chamberlains were loudly knocking at her door,
  The King could spare them all, save this brave one,
And Vashti prayed as never prayed a queen before:
  "Let not this mad King's mighty will be done."

She bowed, but calmly said, "I cannot go;
  The King is not himself as all may see.
My honor shall not thus be trampled, no:
  More dear than crown, or life, it is to me."
They tore from off her brow the golden band,
  Her high estate was to another given,
And Vashti—noble Queen of all the land—
  Was into sudden, lonely, exile driven.

Drowned in the flooding of the mighty years,
  We know not how her hours of life were passed,
But think she did not shed repining tears,
  And *know* her courage never was surpassed.
We bless thy memory, thou exalted one,
  That deed of daring sweeps the ages down,
Thy sacrifice a glorious victory won,
  Brighter, more precious than a paltry crown.

Kate.

AH, see her, standing desolate,
With shadows on her gold-brown hair;
Bearing the stings and scoffs of fate
Without one moaning word of prayer.

Queenly, and proud, her hazel eyes
Glow with the light of truth within;
Facing the world in grieved surprise—
A world of envy, hate, and sin.

The world which stoops to think her base;
Which stones her for another's crime;
She meets its sneers, aye—face to face,
Conscious of right, she bides her time.

Held up to scorn, mocked, wounded, still
Her soul will never bow, or quail;
They cannot crush her mighty will,
Nor see her shrink when foes assail.

I often wonder—if somewhere,
Beyond the ken of earthly lore,
There is a place where silent prayer
Is heeded, when our hearts ache sore.

And then, I wonder if there be,
A place where women's wrongs are known;
Where judge with justice shall agree,
To heed her cause for *right* alone.

If, face to face with lying foes,
She may not in God's presence stand,
Where each must reap that which he sows—
And see them smote by Truth's right hand.

If ever such a time shall be,
This woman's hazel eyes will glow,
As with majestic dignity,
She points out each malignant foe.

Love is Best.

I HEAR just now the sweetest songs:
Listen, my love, do you not hear?
This music to the past belongs,
And yet its cadence seems so near.

Do you remember where we stood,
By that bright stream, to watch the moon
Rise o'er the dark rim of the wood,
While low you sung that plaintive tune?

More sweetly sweet than any song,
My heart has felt since that dear hour,
Though time in passing swift along
Has won me oft by music's power.

"A boy and girl," the sages said,
Who long had passed their youths glad day,
"Time must bring wisdom to the head,"
They thought, and put the theme away.

We were unwise, in all save love,
And now that years have brought their lore,
Our thoughts turn like the carrier dove,
To seek their happy tryst once more.

We close our eyes, and see the moon,
Rise bright above the forest's rim,
We close our ears and hear that tune
More beautiful than matin hymn.

And so, I think of all life's lore,
Of all earth's wisdom, *love* is best,
For ah, we con loves pages o'er
When we've forgotten all the rest.

Grandmother's Dream.

I SAT within the open door,
My grandchild on my knee,
And wondered, what were spirit lore,
Or spirit life for me.

I said, my life—as we of earth
Know human life to be—
Will soon be o'er, and fain would I
A glimpse of soul-life see.

I saw a bird, with azure wings,
And breast as white as snow;
I saw the glorious western sky,
In sunset's ruddy glow.

And then there seemed to rise a wall,
With burnished gates of gold,
And, at its base, a sapphire sea
Plashed lightly on the wold.

And on that sea an emerald boat,
With diamond studded spars,
Was floating silently and slow,
Above the mirrored stars.

It floated on, with crimson sails
Reflected on the wave,
'Till just beyond my open door,
It anchored, near a grave.

The tomb was Willie's—my heart's pride.
Long, lonely years ago
He left my clinging arms, and went
The way that angels know.

That silent crew then left the boat
  Still rocking on the wave,
And whispered soft my Willie's name,
  And he came from the grave.

So young, and bright, and beautiful!
  I cried: "Can this be death?"
And turned my wrinkled face away,
  And held my panting breath.

I cried in grief: "He's young and fair,
  And I am old and gray!"
And then I tore my faded hair,
  And still more turned away.

But Willie came to me, and said:
  "You will be fair as I,
'Tis only change, there are no dead,
  And you will never die."

And then he sought the waiting boat,
  And out upon the sea,
The crew of souls were soon afloat,
  And darkness fell on me.

Then loudly, I began to call,
  I heard a shout of glee,
And raised my arms, to only clasp
  My grandchild on my knee.

The twilight passed, and o'er the sky
  A cloud crept, lazily,
While long I mused and wondered, why
  That strange dream came to me.

De Profundis.

O H, winds that sweep over the woodland,
And kiss the bright glistening leaves,
Do you e'er feel a pang of pity
For some poor heart as it grieves?

Do you ever waft toward heaven,
A sobbing soul's awful cry?
Do you e'er bring relief to the weary,
The desolate, wishing to die?

There are hearts in such pain, that angels,
Who dwell in spaces above,
Would weep, did they know the anguish
That hides "'mid the lilies of love:"

That lurks where the sunshine, looks brightest,
And wounds, when 't were mercy to kill,
Then leaves the poor heart to its torture,
And throbbing that ne'er is still—

That ne'er is still, till the river,
The black rolling waters of death,
Washes its wounds with a healing
That stifles the quivering breath.

Oh! clouds bend in pity above us!
Dash down your torrents of rain,
'Till the wildness of nature's commotion
Shall soothe one heart's passion and pain.

For man has no thoughts of mercy,
More tender the wild beating rain;
A life is a leaf which has fallen:
He heeds not its throes of pain.

Yet One, who has noticed the sparrow
Fall, wounded and bleeding to die,
Will watch o'er hearts that are breaking,
And *justice* will come by and by.

Trysting.

SHE stood beside the meadow bars,
And heard the night wind sighing;
And saw beyond the clouds, where stars,
In seas of light, were lying.

She saw a path, that, winding down,
Led to a flowing fountain;
And heard—afar—the noisy town,
Below a grand old mountain.

Some flecks of gray crept o'er the sky,
The moon looked out in wonder,
When from above that mountain high
There came the sound of thunder.

A flash of light dashed o'er her eyes;
The rain drops seemed to chide her,
For startled speech, and feigned surprise,
When some one stood beside her.

And then—ah, well! she'd waited long,
The day-light quite had missed her;
That "some one" was so bold, and strong,
What could she do? he kissed her.

He kissed her twice—perhaps again—
And this is all the story;
The storm had ceased its snarling, then
The moon shone out in glory.

Bereft.

I CANNOT set myself to any task
While, in my heart I feel this aching;
With outward calmness, I can only ask,
How long a heart must be in breaking.

The autumn sky, if blue or leaden,
Calm or angry, is the same to me;
Naught serves this throbbing pain to deaden,
Nor soothes the wildness of my misery.

The earth seems all a portion of my woe,
The season brings me only sorrow;
To-day goes dragging with dull footsteps, slow,
And hope speaks nothing for to-morrow.

Author of light! In mercy send some token
From Eden-land, to rest my weary heart,
Or break the chords of life—so nearly broken—
And let my spirit from this world depart.

Only This.

ONLY the shades of sorrow,
Only the stain of sad tears;
Only no hope for the morrow,
Only the wearisome years.
Only fair promises broken,
Only a long vanished trust,
Only a hatred unspoken,
Only a heart in the dust.

This for the sunshine of gladness;
This for the joy we had dreamed;
This for the trust—ah, our madness;
This for the future that gleamed.
This for the love we had given;
This for the faith of a soul;
This for our fond hope of Heaven;
This for the sum of the whole.

Surrendered.

(Written on the Surrender of a noted Missouri Criminal, October 7th, 1885.)

SEE that man, with his dark brows bent:
There he stands, with his heart on fire,
Bowed 'neath burdens of discontent,
Humbled into the very mire.

We are many—he is but one:
Haunted, hunted, from dawn till dark,
Keeping at bay, from sun to sun,
Those who have claimed him for a mark.

Now he comes, like Saul, to the cross,
Comes and surrenders gun and sword:
Who will sift the gold from the dross?
Has mercy now, no pitying word?

He who prays to the son of man
For pardon, ne'er receives a blow,
Shall one humbled and full of pain,
Suing for mercy be answered—"No?"

Are souls of men so mean, and small,
That for revenge they smite a foe
Unarmed, coming from sin's mad thrall,
From darkness, misery and woe?

Look where graves of his loved ones lie:
Almost last of his race is he:
Note his mother's tear-dimmed eye:
Let the past, as a dead thing be.

Had I, to-day, sovereign power,
Pardon should set this sad soul free,
Fetters should fall from him this hour:
Calm should sleep on this restless sea.

Human passion, and human pain,
  Go hand in hand o'er life's rough wave,
Wronged, and wrong-doer soon shall stand
  On common ground—the lonely grave.

Make grand one day of yours, oh, man,
  Lifted to power, brief as high,
Take from this scorned one, death's cold ban.
  Let only hatred, and murder, die.

Angel of mercy, touch all souls
  With pity—for this outlawed one;
Who comes from hiding away in holes,
  And says to Law: "Thy will be done."

Judgment, hanging innocent men,
  Is no atonement due for this?
Who shall judge these Judges, when
  They stand where judgment and justice kiss?

Once a governor's son, condemned
  For murder, laid in felon's cell;
The father pardoned, then *resigned;*
  He knew his duty, and he did it well.

If You Should Die.

IF you should die, the world would seem so dark to me.
  That looking out upon its vast, bleak, sullen sea,
I should go mad with agony, and pray
  That God would take my wretched life away.

If you should die, the birds could sing no song,
  And clouds would hide the sunlight all day long
For me; and in my heavy brooding grief,
  I should pray—"Death, oh, come to my relief!"

If you should die, the phantom of some bitter thing
That I have said, would from my memory spring,
And show me all the sadness and surprise
That look from out those tender, troubled eyes.

If you should die, I should be dumb with such despair
As loads the human heart with deathless care;
My soul would tremble 'neath such freight of woe
As only those bereft of *loved ones* know.

The Last Call.

[Written on the death of Rev. W. M. Cheever, of Kansas City.]

CHILD of my love, it is enough,
Thy patient spirit shall have rest;
Thy tasks are done, the victory won
O'er care and toil, o'er pain and death.

A palm thou bearest—enter in,
Where storms and troubles never come;
The feast is spread, the wine is red—
Child of my tender love, come home!

The way was rough, yet no complaint;
Thy faith was stronger than thy pain;
Thy courage, grand, could e'en command
A Bethel, over sorrow's reign.

Pure, noble heart, thy life hath been
A cloud of incense, rising higher,
When touching prayer, ascended there,
As thou did'st feel the furnace fire.

Thy flocks were tended with such care
As watchful shepherds ever give;
Come home and rest, e'en on His breast,
Thy work shall yet long ages live.

The Bells of 1876.

O DREAMERS awake! Hear ye not the wild bells,
With clam'rous tongues, say "The New Year is here?"
Awake, men! Awake! While their son'rous chime swells;
Awake to life's duty, with hope and no fear.

Dreamers, awake from your lethargic slumber,
'Rouse, ere the morning's best hours are lost;
There are deeds to be done—grand deeds without number—
Wake, or vain dreaming shall count to your cost.

Dreamers awake, for the good of the nation;
There are hands at the throat of its honor and truth;
Awake in the might of your manhood's creation,
And save from the spoiler, a land in its youth.

Worlds count by ages, not years, and to-morrow
May fashion a grave, and our liberties slay;
Then wake, or your sleep may bring you a sorrow
That death will dispel on oblivion's day.

O, hark! Hear that wail from sad and oppressed ones,
The low stifled cries from throats grasped by thieves;
Awake in your might, and relieve the distressed ones,
The harvest is waiting, go gather your sheaves.

Fling out your banners, with blood printed mottoes:
"Truth, Justice, Liberty, Right, or the Tomb!"
Let the breeze bear them forth, from mountains and grottoes,
Over snow-mantled peaks, through the rich valley's bloom.

Dreamers awake! Other nations are scorning
The land that your forefathers bought with their blood;
Awake, or God's anger may break ere the morning,
And sweep you away, like drift on a flood.

Margery Cross.

OLD MARGERY liv'd at the foot of the hill,
In a tumble-down house near the ruined mill,
And ever she muttered and murmured of loss,
And so the folks called her "Old Margery Cross."

Her former abiding place, nobody knew,
Not even her name, and a sad storm would brew
If any one offered her threshold to cross,
Or ventured too near the old house, thatched with moss.

"My name is just Margery," she crossly said,
"And I have no kin-folks—none living or dead."
It was thus that their breath, in quizzing, was lost,
And so they just named her "Old Margery Cross."

How the old dame lived, fared she illy or well,
There was nobody knew—so no one could tell.
She planted some flowers, and gathered much moss,
And no more was known of Old Margery Cross.

At the top of the hill lived good Deacon Brown,
Just the saintliest man about the whole town,
He had acres, and acres, and acres of land,
And gold in the bank he could always command.

He had a good wife, and some children well grown:
Abundance of wealth, and a beautiful home.
He piled up his gold, as he flung away dross,
And never once thought of Old Margery Cross.

And yet, far away, in the days that had been,
He had caused her to sin life's bitterest sin.
He had gained her pure heart, its love and its trust,
And had torn and trampled it into the dust.

The child had not lived—and she buried her shame
In its grave, as she buried her ruined name.
She never became "a wild girl of the town,"
And never forgot the pure name she gave Brown.

So when she grew faded, and wrinkled, and gray,
As those quickly grow, who have trouble, they say,
She thought over the past, and heaved a deep sigh,
And said "I would like to move near him to die."

One morning so chill, when the snow fell in clouds,
All blinding, and settling on men like white shrouds,
Some one thought to look at the house gray with moss,
And said "There's no smoke near the flue of Dame
Cross."

"Why, what could it mean?" Many ran down to see;
And there sat Dame Cross, as dead as could be.
In her old arm chair near the small window's light.
She sat resting and smiling. Her dimming sight

Had lovingly rested on two pictures old,
Which she clingingly held in her hand so cold.
There was a sweet, wee baby, blue-eyed and fair
And a tiny ringlet of soft golden hair,
Then a semblance of manhood, with sombre frown,
Which the neighbors said "looked like Deacon Brown."

The Old Gate.

Why am I waiting here, you ask,
By the old gate on the hill,
I watch the moon creep o'er the sky,
And list to the whip-poor-will.

I wait the steps of one who went
Far away, long years ago;
Who said, as he kissed me good-bye,
You will meet me here I know.

I know not where he went, nor when
He will pass this tryst again.
But this I know, I watch and wait,
For my loving, prince of men.

Ah, yes, it is many a year,
  As you say; my hair is white,
Old and gray, since he went away,
  That sorrowful, moonlit night.

But when my love comes back again,
  And finds how I've waited here—
All these years—so patiently,
  With never a moan or tear,

Will clasp me in his arms, and say:
  "How fair and sweet you have grown;
Your faded hair, and lines of care,
  Shows how you have loved, my own."

And then I shall laugh merrily,
  And dance in the maddest glee;
I shall grow young and fair again,
  When my love returns to me.

False, did you say? O, speak again!—
  Yet your words are worse than blows—
Speak calm, and clear, I scarce can hear;
  And her voice in anguish rose.

A wife, did you say? far away,
  And sweet little children three,
My God! so I have lived to know
  That my love is false to me?

Then prone she fell by the old gate,
  This woman, insane with woe,
She murmured "Alas! I can now wait
  For him no more below."

The old farm house is tenantless,
  But the gate swings to and fro,
As if her spirit came and went,
  As it did in the long ago.

Temptation.

O TAKE your dark, bright face away!
Those rosy lips I covet;
Go hide your brow from me to-day,
With golden curls above it.
Or shall I clasp you in my arms
And hold and kiss you, maybe?
So do not tempt me with your charms,
My bonnie, winsome lady.

Lift not your eyes in such a way,
My heart is wildly beating—
Ah! when I plead, why do you say—
"I love you not!" retreating.
'Tis well you go, for did you stay,
My arm would be about you;
Nay do not smile, my roguish fay,
How could I live without you?

Struggle Upward.

BETTER to struggle and toil up hill,
Though hearts grow faint, and fingers bleed,
Than rushing go—like the mountain rill—
Downward, with eager, headlong speed.

Stem the swift tide; never idly drift;
In life's great conflict strive to win,
Cling to the oar, in the rapids swift,
And fight your way from their roaring din.

Pull with a will, strength conquers all;
Keep up the stream, beware the sands!
Row for your life—out from the fall—
Keep to the right with steady hands.

Who can say that you will not win?
Watch the beam of the guiding star;
Steer from the quicksand shoals of sin—
There, just there, is the harbor bar.

Coquetting.

"DO you love me?" he asked, in tone so low,
The twilight breeze held its breath to listen.
And when, half in jest, she answered him "No!"
The eyes of the pansies 'gan to glisten
With tear-drops, like dew, and a Katydid
Cried, "Ah, yes you do!" in the green leaves hid.

"Do you love me?" again, in tender tone,
Exquisite, dreamy, yet haunted with woe:
And the maiden said, as she clasped her zone,
"Listen, *mon ami*, I told you no."
But a bee, 'way down in a honey cell,
Half asleep, grumbled, "yes, she loves you well."

"Do you love me?" once more that same query,
She did not dream it might be the last:
"Three times, three times," moaned the night-wind dreary;
And a bird cried out, "say yes," as he passed.

Oh, what spirit of evil possessed her,
"No," she exclaimed with an impatient frown,
Then the wind beat her face and oppressed her,
And when she looked up, her lover had gone.

Gone! and the pansies low bow to mock her,
Gone! and night-wind will give her no rest,
But rattles her casement on purpose to shock her,
And cry in its drear tones, "you loved him best."
The Katydids clash their wings together,
And laugh at her, in mid-autumn weather.

And roses—ah! you would not believe it,
They shake their bright robes and peer at her so.
"Happiness came; you would not receive it,
All mortals must reap the harvest they sow."
Her heart now aches 'neath its burden of pain,
She cries for her true love, always in vain.

The Suicide.

HARK! I hear a low moaning cry
On the chill night wind, sweeping by:
A mournful, sighing, sobbing tone.
"I am sick of being alone."

You call it "madness," 'tis not so,
'Tis but the spirit crying low,
In its desire to rest, to sleep
There where the bending willows weep.

List to the undernote of pain
Wailing out in this weird refrain:
"Weary of living, so tired; oh!
Sever these bonds and let me go.

I beat the bars, and strive to rend
These chains which hold me, they but bend
And clasp me closer than before:
Who will open my prison door?

Oh, set me free! and I will bless
The hand that wounds me; and caress
The steel which lets the life blood flow:
Release me then, and let me go.

They tell me that this prison old,
Will crumble soon, and turn to mould;
Why must I bear this slow decay?
Ah, loose me now, and I'll away.

They say I'm crazed. They do not see
The fearful things which torture me,
Here in this gloomy prison deep,
Where I must sigh, and rave, and weep.

Why should I wait? This potent draught
Will give me freedom, when 'tis quaffed;
So here's to Death! that grim old king
Who gives to fettered spirits, wing.

To Grandma Kullmer.

[Read at a Reception given in her Honor, January, 1881.]

Full meed of praise is due to one
Whose race of life, now nearly run,
Has been with charity so fraught,
And earnest Christian precept taught,
That none, I think, who understand,
Can fail to offer friendship's hand.

How many years this gentle one
Has gone, 'mid snow, and rain, and sun,
To give relief to some sad heart,
Smarting beneath chill sorrow's dart;
And ne'er has once been heard to say:
"The storm will keep me home to-day."

And now, behold her snow-white hair,
Her thoughtful brow, seamed deep by care,
And note the soft eyes' gentle beam,
The smile, as sweet as infant's dream,
And think how soon the hour must come
When eyes are closed, and lips are dumb;

Then answer, if it is not well
To honor one whose deeds so tell
Of Love, and Faith, and Charity?
Of all the graces, sweetest three;
And tell me, if one should say,
'Tis wrong to show our love this way.

We, who have known her year by year,
Have come to pay this tribute here;
Have met to show our love for one
Whose path lies near the setting sun.
E'en while we testify our love,
Bright angels watch for her above.

A Little While.

A LITTLE while, and, all our pain forgotten,
We'll rest with folded hands in peaceful sleep;
A little while, and wounds, by foes forgotten,
Will no more ache, and eyes no longer weep.

A little while, and all our vain ambition
Will still and silent be, and no more press
Its weight, to mar our soul's fruition;
'Twill make the grave-mound neither more nor less.

A little while, and earth will shield and hide us,
Yet we shall feel no weight upon the breast;
All storms forgot, that evil could betide us,
Past, like a dream, and we shall be at rest.

Voices.

SOMETIMES I hear o'er waters still,
The low, sweet tones I used to hear;
Ere loved one crossed the river chill,
And left me—stricken dumb with fear.

I know, indeed, it cannot be,
Yet oft in fancy, when alone,
The dear old days come back to me,
And with them each remembered tone.

I wonder if, beyond the gate,
They do not often hear a cry
From some sad soul, long doomed to wait,
Beneath the cold, unpitying sky?

I think our loved ones are not changed,
Who dwell above in blissful rest,
That from us they are not estranged,
But love us always, dearest, best.

The Dead Hero.

GREAT waves of woe roll o'er the land,
Sad notes of pain chill every heart,
Low lies the one, born to command,
Conquered, at last, by Death's dread dart.

Heroes, in this age, are few:
That he was great is now confessed;
Ne'er beat a heart more brave and true,
Within a pulsing human breast.

Cold, like a stone, is he, and still,
No aspirations thrill his frame,
Where fled the firm, undaunted will
That wrought on pinnacles of fame!

A warrior bold, a statesman true,
His life reads like some storied page,
Whereon is traced, in letters new,
The grandeur of another age.

His tender heart felt every blow
Struck by the minions foul, of hate;
He suffered from ignoble foe
Until his life grew desolate.

Then God, in mercy, called "come home!"
And up from every hill and dale,
From every land where brave men roam,
There came the voice of sorrow's wail.

And those that hurt him slunk away
Like hounds, when driven from the trail;
And clear the light of Honor's ray
Shone o'er him then, like holy grail.

The nation bows her head and weeps,
While, on a solemn, sacred bier,
The nation's hero sweetly sleeps,
Unheeding sigh, or moan, or tear.

Two Pictures.

[Written on reading of a beautiful being, in the first flush of womanhood, who was found, lying in a drunken slumber, on the ice of the Missouri river, at Kansas City.]

O'ER downy couch, where slept a child,
An angel bent her pitying gaze:
And though the baby lips oft smiled,
The angel saw the coming days.

Then swift, on wings of light, she sped
Unto the busy courts of Death,
And to that gloomy monarch said:
"Pray, give to me a dear child's breath."

"I fain would snatch a tiny girl
From future, blacker than the night;
A babe so fair, one golden curl
Would almost make lost Eden bright."

"I'll be her tender mother, I
Will guide her gentle spirit ways
Along the fairest paths of sky,
And shield her from too vivid rays."

Pale Death unto the chamber came,
A spectre, none but Love could see—
But e'en thro' night's expiring flame,
The mother saw that mystery—

Saw, and such tears as mothers shed
When low they kneel, and wildly pray,
Until the hours of pain have sped,
She cried, and gained the victory.

The disappointed angel bowed
Her peerless head, and thanked the King,
Then lost was she amid the crowd
Which watch o'er Time's sad reckoning.

* * * * * *

The years! What wings of speed have they!
They come, and e'er our welcome words
Are said, they are but shadows gray,
And flit away, like dismal birds.

The years! What changes do they bring!
That mother now, with tears, and prayer,
Mourns ever, 'till the heavens ring
With the mad echoes of despair.

"My child!" she cries, all day and night;
"If thou hads't died in those past years,
My heart had risen from the blight,
My eyelids now be free from tears."

There, on the river's frozen face,
Drunk! In sight of God and man,
In all her wond'rous, witching grace—
Only a thing for human ban.

And o'er her now, as in the past,
The self-same angel, *Virtue*, bends,
And sighs, "My reign is o'er at last,
In her wild heart. Ah! thus it ends."

If angels ever shed a tear;
If e'er they make one human moan,
It is when tender hearts grow sear,
And *Vice* usurps sweet Virtue's throne.

My Pastor's Wife.

SHE has gone away to other scenes;
Between us mighty rivers roll;
But still my yearning spirit leans
To greet her pure, unselfish soul.

I know she thinks of me, and ah!
How oft I ponder o'er the past.
Dreaming of her the moments fly,
Too full of sacredness to last.

For O! my heart, its inmost thought
Could bring to her, so sure to find
Sweet comfort, from her spirit wrought,
In earnest words, low, tender, kind.

A wayward soul has been my own,
And sorrow oft has been its guest;
Much conflict has my sad heart known,
Yet she could lull its sobs to rest.

When I have felt some sting of pain,
Deep in my breast, then she would say
Such soothing things, that once again,
My soul would seek "the perfect way."

She helped to bear the heavy load
That bowed my spirit in the dust,
And led me on that pleasant road
Where flowers grow, of peace and trust.

She does not dream how much I miss
Her cheering words, nor how I need
Her tender smile, her loving kiss,
Her gentle hand, to guide and lead.

O, God of mercy, Thou who sent
This wond'rous grace, from Thy full store,
Grant me such portion, then content
My heart will rest, and crave no more.

Two Little Girls.

TWO little girls, with shy blue eyes,
Looking out in soul surprise,
Came to my door from woodland shade,
And, nestling near my heart, have stayed.

One was white, like the winter snow,
Her cheeks with roses all aglow;
The other—like a lily—fair,
With sunshine caught in waves of hair.

One was a proud patrician. She
Scorned the looks of poverty.
The other felt a tender pain
For sorrows chill and woeful rain.

Their mother sleeps the dreamless sleep,
And 'tis my legacy to keep
These little feet from straying wide,
They have no other human guide.

Sometimes the burden of unrest
Presses so hard my aching breast,
I think, and say—"It cannot be
God sent these orphan waifs to me."

But when the night of pain is o'er,
I only pray, and love them more,
Striving to do a mother's part
By these dear girls, left near my heart.

Two little girls: Six years ago
They came, and now they love me so.
I could not give them up, for they
So mind me of their mother's way.

To M. Myrtle S----.

LITTLE namesake, let me greet thee
With sweet fancy's loving kiss;
Let me, as a songbird, meet thee,
Trilling notes of perfect bliss.

Let me wish thee skies the fairest
Heaven e'er bent o'er favored one;
Let me wish thee days the rarest,
Clearest moon and brightest sun.

May the storms of life ne'er 'larm thee,
May the shadows ne'er be dense;
May the paths of wisdom charm thee,
Guarded by mild Providence.

May the promises of beauty
Glowing on thy earnest face,
Make thee ne'er forget the duty,
That will give it sweetest grace.

And when thou art in the highway,
Leading to sweet womanhood,
Angels shield thee from from the by-way—
Keep thee ever pure and good.

And may life its choicest treasures
Place around thee, one by one;
May it give the fullest measures,
Till thy work on earth is done.

Then may Heaven throw wide its portal,
And the seraphs "welcome" sing
To thy precious soul, immortal,
'Till the vaulted skies shall ring.

Homesick.

HE stood alone beside the sea,
And watched the darkening clouds arise;
The cold winds bleakly swept the lea,
He heard a sea bird's mournful cries.

A stranger, in a strange, new land,
He stood beside the sea, alone,
And toward the waves stretched eager hand
And prayed, "Oh! great sea, take me home."

Amid the crowd he moved alone,
No eye lit up with love for him;
He heard no tender human tone,
And no familiar German hymn.

And he was lone, so sadly lone,
While all the throng went quickly by;
And to his loved and distant home
He longed on eagle wings to fly.

He prayed aloud, "Oh! take me, Death;
Fly nearer, closer unto me,
Be quick, and waft away my breath,
And let me die beside the sea."

They found him dead, yet knew not how.
They could not see his broken heart.
They wiped the damp from off his brow,
And laid him, from the throng, apart.

A wife, or mother, waits for him,
Somewhere beyond the foaming wave,
They cannot see—through distance dim—
In this strange land, his lonely grave.

Those Days.

O HAVE you forgotten those old days,
Away in the slumbering past,
Those days of a summer-time glory,
Ah! too beautiful far to last.

Where a forest broke the soft meadow,
And the sun-kissed brooklet grew cool,
As it wandered away to the woodland
And gathered itself in a pool.

Where the leaves of the beach and the maple,
Were mirrored in pictures so clear,
That you wished there might always be sunshine
The whole of the beautiful year.

Where you heard, from the midst of the tree tops,
A twitter of notes, so like words,
That you fancied there might be sweet angels
Conversing up there, with the birds.

Where the winds and the waves ran together,
And chatted and laughed on their way,
'Till the violets leaned their banks over,
And hearkened to what they might say.

Then kissed the green grass in their rapture,
Until it grew red with surprise,
And murmured "these blossoms so modest,
Could dazzle a world with their eyes."

O! those days, when the grumbling city
Was lost to the ear and the eye,
And you cried, in a wild gush of anguish,
"O! God, let me dream 'till I die."

While the boughs bent caressingly downward,
And patted your cheeks with cool hands,
'Till the zephyrs, all trembling with envy,
Swift brought you a breath from sea strands.

O! those days! those glorious June days,
  Will they never come back from the sea?
Has oblivion wrecked them forever,
  And lost them to you and to me?

Shall we never again know the rapture,
  So dear, in life's innocent spring,
Nor find in the wide world the beauty
  Those old days were wonted to bring?

Thoughts.

THERE is something forever occurring,
  At which we may smile, or must weep,
As the world, with its rushing and stirring,
  Wakes memory out of her sleep.

The summer comes soothing with showers;
  We smile when a rainbow is spread;
We stoop to caress the bright flowers,
  And grasp only thorns in their stead.

We smile, yet we know that the fountain
  Of sorrow has never run dry;
And troubles rise up like a mountain,
  Gloomy, uncertain and high.

The friends—best beloved—soon forget us;
  Or turn weary faces away;
Never more to esteem or regret us,
  Though life lingers many a day.

Thus onward through life we are going;
  Our days like a river rush by;
We feel their tumultuous flowing,
  And know that the ocean is nigh.

There is something forever occurring;
At which we must smile or may rave;
A mist o'er the landscape is blurring,
That vision before us—the grave.

Baby Myra.

DAINTY maiden, may life's blessings
Fall in cluster 'round thy path,
Mayst thou e'er be fondly sheltered
From all storms of earthly wrath.

May no din of life alarm thee
May no fears thy heart oppress,
May no evil ever harm thee;
And no doubting bring distress.

May thy friends be all true-hearted,
Faithful—though the world should frown—
May thy path be strewn with roses,
Or with softest eider down.

May Dame Fortune smile upon thee,
Bringing from her fruitful store
Rarest treasures, from the ocean,
And from every gem-crowned shore.

Then may Health give thee her blessing;
And her kisses, full and free;
In her loyal arms caressing,
With rare favors, thine and thee.

These the wishes that I bring thee,
Truly favored little one;
May'st thou be the sweetest lady
Ever smiling 'neath the sun.

After Many Years.

I CANNOT sing the happy notes
I sang long years ago,
Although the music faintly floats
O'er Lethe's mystic flow;
And your voice, like a silver lute,
So soft and sweetly dwells
Within my heart; my tongue is mute
Or—only anguish tells.

A maiden, in the May of life,
When all is fair and bright;
When earth to her with joy is rife,
Can warble with delight
Notes like the birds, in matin song,
Pour out upon the air;
A woman with a saddened heart
May only breathe—Despair.

Since you and I stood, hand in hand,
And sung our songs together,
And looking o'er the sunny land,
Saw only pleasant weather—
Wild storms have come, those songs are still,
No joyous warble ever
Comes to my lips, or heart, nor will
It come again forever.

No heaven blest interpreter
Has ever read for me—
The "Mene Tekel" on the wall,
To say why this must be;
But sorrow chill, like snow-flake's fall,
Has broke my summer's rest,
And placed a winter's coldest pall
Forever on my breast.

Dear friend! Sweet-heart of long ago,
The many drifting years,
Have left among my locks the snow
And footprints of their tears;
Yet glad am I—your eyes are bright,
And you've seen pleasant weather,
Since when we stood, that blissful night,
And sung gay songs together.

Rest.

"There the Wicked cease from Troubling, and the Weary be at Rest."—*Job.*

CARKING Care, with tireless footsteps,
Haunts us all the weary way;
Whither turn we, still she follows
Close beside us every day.
But she cannot cross the River,
Ah, she cannot harm the blest,
Where "the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

Sad-eyed Woe, her awful burden
Presses on our hearts at will;
Have we briefly once escaped her,
Does sweet joy our pulses thrill?
Suddenly she comes before us,
We must own her dreadful sway,
While dark clouds of grief sweep o'er us,
Driving all our rest away.

Sin has tracked us on our journey
From the cradle to the tomb—
Stolen from our life its brightness,
Pristine purity and bloom.
List! we hear the rolling Jordan!
Oh, what rapture thrills our breast!
"There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

"Be at rest!" no care, no sorrow,
And no innate, haunting sin;
Fear, nor dreading of the morrow,
With its noisy, earthly din;
Where no ill can e'er befall us,
Malice, spite or envy come
With their tortures to appall us;
Only Rest, and Peace, and Home.

O, I thank Thee, God of mercy,
For Thy promises so sweet,
Perfect, in Divine compassion
To our needs made so complete:
Yet there's *one* among these treasures
That I hold as dearest, best,
Fullest of Thy precious measures—
'Tis the often promised "Rest."

Forgiven.

IN the happy realms of lasting bliss,
In the inner courts of love's own heaven,
There is no sweeter word than this—
Nor brighter thought—"I am forgiven."

When clouds are hurrying, scurrying by,
And gloom reigns weird—by lightning riven,
A bow spans o'er affection's sky;
We watch, and read—"I am forgiven."

Ah, soon from earth we pass away,
The weary soul seeks other haven;
Our anger lasts but for a day;
In life, or death, we are forgiven.

Why should we hold to spite and wrath,
Why should our hearts be rent and riven,
When up the way there shines a path
Made luminous by this—"forgiven."

Gold or Dross.

I WALKED alone 'neath woodland shade,
The forest path was cool and dim;
The breezes with the green leaves played,
The birds sang sweet their morning hymn.

Life stretched before me fair and bright,
For all the future did proclaim:
There were no sorrows dire to blight,
No phantoms of a cold world's blame.

My eyes cast down in thoughtfulness,
Alone I walked in careless ease;
Life's riddles were a tiresome guess,
Life's burdens! What and where were these?

Thus thinking—Lo! before my sight,
Two baubles shone amid the sand;
I raised them from their dusty plight
And held them, gleaming, in my hand.

"Choose ye"—a voice spoke from the gloom
Of forest depths, "take dross, or gold;
In those small baubles lies thy doom;
Thy fortune now thou dost behold."

I turned the baubles o'er and o'er,
But could not say which was the best;
Perhaps one sparkled once the more,
And thus my choice stood there confessed.

Alas! the gold I cast away,
And kept the dross, a sacred thing;
I chose it, and one dreary day
'Twas fashioned in a bridal ring.

My life grew like the worthless stone,
Heavy, and dull, and full of woe;
I fought relentless fate alone,
In wretchedness no heart could know.

Long years this changeless fate was mine,
And I was weary of the years;
In secret wept, yet gave no sign
Of sorrow's bitter, burning tears.

One day, in sudden, scornful wrath,
I threw the cheating dross away,
Far out beyond my lonely path,
And cried—"Now find it, ye who may."

The world was shocked, and so was I;
The deed was done, could I repent?
I turned my face from earth to sky,
There read God's blessing with content.

Now I can hear the wild-bird's song
Without one thought of that sad choice;
Can walk the paths of life along,
And in its harmony rejoice.

A Perfect Day.

HOW still and peaceful looks the world,
The little world that I behold;
The maples' silken leaves unfurl'd,
Just touched with Autumn's brown and gold.

The flowers, the frost king spares to bloom,
Lift their bright heads in careless glee,
And breathe their wealth of sweet perfume—
Their breath of fragrant mystery.

Caught in the spider's silken net,
The dew drops hang in gleaming gems,
The heliotrope, and mignonette,
Shake diamonds from their glistening stems.

The softened gray along the sky,
Through which the blue sends tender gleam,
Makes pictures fair, to artist eye,
Dear as an old-time poet's dream.

They tell me that the world is rent
  By storms of passion; can it be
That feud, and faction, discontent,
  Sweep o'er the land from sea to sea?

Must wrath, and hatred, envy's hiss,
  Be felt, and heard, to wound the heart
On such a perfect day as this,
  Is God and man so far apart?

Tribute.

[To the Memory of Dr. Thomas J. Montgomery.]

ANOTHER noble heart has ceased to beat;
  Another pure, white soul has passed from earth.
The body lies beneath the winding sheet;
  The spirit knows the grandeur of immortal birth.

We weep, because we miss him; knowing well
  Our tears for this great loss, will never mar his gain,
We almost hear his song of rapture swell—
  For ah! the old life was so full of pain.

We shall miss his bright example of patient trust,
  But though his soul is soaring like the lark,
And the poor, tired body goes to dust,
  His life has left a lasting "merit mark."

A friend to all who, struggling and opprest,
  Strove for a foothold on the stair of fame;
Giving clear counsel, with an earnest zest,
  And sorry if their struggles brought them blame.

Oh! where are words meet to bespeak his praise?
  What language can convey a hint of half the good
This great heart wrought throughout the measure of its days,
  To all the anxious throng of human brotherhood?

We mourn! He sings the glowing anthems, where
Are gathered all the Christ-crown'd ones.
Born into a new life radiant, fair,
Methinks he stands a star among God's sons.

Baby's Grave.

[Suggested by Geo. D. Prentice's Poem, "My Mother's Grave."]

THE joyous blue birds sing,
And crocus flowers have looked above the sod;
The warm south winds do bring
A hint of violets, and the golden rod.

But to my heart no joy
These emblems of a happy time do bring—save
One, and that has alloy:
The flowers so sweet will bloom on baby's grave.

I've felt the plowshare's fire,
The burning fierceness of a scorned world's scorn;
I felt a smothered ire;
But all my heart grew tender when she was born.

I held her to my breast,
And called her mine, and thought my love could save;
But now she is at rest,
Beyond the hillside, in a cheerless grave.

But when the flowers blow,
The place shall be so full of fragrant bloom,
That only I shall know
They hide my precious baby's little tomb.

And I shall look above,
And fancy her amid unfading blossoms sweet;
Yet come with tender love,
And clasp this little mound now lying at my feet.

"Happy New Year."

AS I stood one night, where the shadows
Hung over all space like a cloud,
And the mystical hushes of silence
Enveloped the earth in a shroud.

My spirit looked up thro' the darkness,
Where glimmering worlds shone afar,
And saw, near the portal of glory,
The bright, sparkling beam of a star.

A star on the brow of a cherub,
That shone with a luster so clear,
I knew, before Father Time told me,
'Twas the earthward-bound 'Happy New Year.''

As time marked the weird hour of midnight,
This happy New Year floated down,
And received from the pure hands of morning,
A scepter, a robe and a crown.

Then the bells laughed so loud in gladness,
They startled the hushes of night;
While Sorrow forgot half her sadness,
And Joy went quite wild with delight.

And many a heart, to the Father,
Uplifted its earnest voice clear,
And thanked the Great Author of Mercy
For the gift of another New Year.

While the bells rang out wilder than ever,
And voices sprang glad thro' the air,
A tone of most musical sweetness
I heard, from the height of somewhere.

Ringing clear, over all the gay tumult
Of voices, and anvil and bell,
"The poor always ye have with you;"
Be sure and remember it well.

Forget not the heavily laden,
Remember the fatherless, too,
The prisoner, shut in a dungeon,
And the master will not forget you.

And when all your work here is ended,
Approach the pearl gates without fear,
For the angels will give you a welcome,
A happy, ne'er ending New Year.

As Ye Sow.

LET the silence rest unbroken
'Twixt thy throbbing heart and mine;
Waft no message, send no token,
Let there be no word or sign
Of those days when hope was living
In our hearts, warm and forgiving.

Let the silence rest forever,
Broken by no mourning tear;
'Tis the work of earth to sever
All the ties that hearts hold dear.
Life for you means joy and gladness,
But for me 'tis toil and sadness.

Somewhere, in the mystic future,
In a world to man unknown,
Where each wretched sin-sick mortal
Shall for sinfulness atone,
We shall meet, and meeting know
Heaven's meaning in the sentence, "as ye sow."

Thy Future.

NAY, not "impossible," for one so kind,
So true of heart, so noble—yet
The sun of happiness will find
A beam for thee, 't will never set.

If prayer or tears for others' grief
Could give thee respite from thy pain,
Then surely thou would'st have relief,
And never know one pang again.

The sun shines clear somewhere for thee,
No matter how the skies may chill;
For thee, I know—if not for me—
There is a happy future still.

Not "impossible." It cannot be
That one should thus be left in grief,
When radiant stands bright destiny
With wooing smile to give relief.

Not "impossible." A prophesy,
Or something that akin must be,
Whispers of future destiny,
Glad, joyous, prosperous for thee,

Ah, friend of mine, what can I say?
So poor are words, so weak, so cold;
How like dull dross, do they portray,
The heart's rich treasury of gold.

I need not say "be brave;" thou art;
I need not counsel aught to thee.
The pain lies hidden in thy heart,
Where never friend nor foe can see.

Just this I'll say—and this is vain—
(Alas! I would it were not so);
In floods of joy or sorrow's rain,
Thou hast one true heart's overflow.

A Miracle.

'TWAS a time when the wind, in a wanton mood,
Low bent bare twigs in the autumn wood,
And the sun sent down, through the leafless vines,
A mournful hint of warmer climes.

The frost had touched poor nature's face,
And stol'n away her youthful grace;
So bare and brown was her withered breast,
No tiny flower on her heart found rest.

We idly strayed, and our fancy crept
To the silent spot where the harebells slept;
And we almost saw, through the frozen sod,
The violets shrink where our footsteps trod.

No joyous bird to its mate chirped low,
And there was no sound of the water's flow;
No music soft, like the lullaby
The south wind sings when the pine trees cry.

So lone and still was the sombre wood,
That half we feared its solitude.
It was as when, with 'bated breath,
We have bent our steps to a scene of death.

We paused 'neath an oak, so old and grim
That it's ragged sides let the sunshine in,
As if its heart would in brightness glow,
Though its beauty went with the long ago.

And there, clinging close to its shaggy breast,
A little vine found a place of rest—
A *living* vine with heart-shaped leaves,
As green as those o'er our summer eaves.

We smiled, and said we might truly tell
That we had seen a miracle;
And half we *felt* that the little vine,
With its heart-shaped leaves and lustre fine,

Had leaped from the earth in a sportive way,
When it heard our steps to the oak tree stray;
But the mystery of its life and birth
Are known to God, and Mother Earth.

As we walked away from the dismal wood,
Away from its mystic solitude,
This lesson came like a tender word,
And all our depths of spirit stirred.

There is no heart so cold and bare,
But some sweet blossom nestles there,
Some virtue bright 'mid its chill decay,
Some spark of love like the sunshine's ray.

Regret.

IT may be the little bird, southward fast flying,
  Regrets that its song was no sweeter when here;
It may be the blossom, when quiv'ring and dying,
  Regrets that its fragrance was less pure and clear.

It may be the dew-drop, at even, when glowing,
  Regrets that its stay 'mid the flowers is brief;
It may be the south wind we hear softly blowing,
  A requiem breathes of its sadness and grief.

It may be the stars, which twinkle so brightly,
  Regret that their light is not like the sun;
It may be my heart would beat far more lightly,
  If my own life-tasks more nobly were done.

And thus, through all life that is fleeting and flowing
  Toward the unknown, called "eternity's shore,"
It may be a thought makes us sadder for knowing
  This sorrowful thought, I "might have done more."

A Woman's Mistake.

LIFE came one day to me, with earnest voice,
And said, "Now is the time to make thy choice;
Wilt thou have love without a name,
Or wear a laurel wreath, dear bought of Fame?"

I said—Oh, foolish words!—"Take all the rest,
Give me the laurel wreath and I am blest.
The fairest and the best thou hast to bring,
Love, home and rest, the bridal ring—

"I gladly yield them all to win a name,
And feel upon my brow the hand of Fame."
Awhile Love plead to stay; I closed my heart.
He sadly went away, but left a dart.

My paltry little wreath had but one bloom,
And but one leaf of green; it withered soon;
And there were thorns concealed, which pierced my brow.
I offered all to Love, for just one vow.

But ah! my choice was made. Too late! too late!
I sighed for home and love. My choice was fate.
When little children sang I closed my ears,
And when they smiled, my eyes were closed by tears.

So, kneeling in the dust, careworn with grief,
I sadly prayed for rest, and for relief.
The pitying father heard my mournful plea,
And took the faded wreath away from me,

And gave me in its stead love, home and rest,
Saying: "Of all the world these are the best."
And now, beside the hearth my children sing,
And life has brought the best it has to bring.

Gone.

THE golden gate of Summer swung
On flowery hinge, and all day
The birds chirped sadly, vine leaves clung
With trembling clasp, to window bay.

And blooms that mocked the glowing sun,
While Summer's crown was on her head,
Bowed down, all withered, one by one—
Fell from their stems and joined the dead.

The trees bent close and whispered low,
In quivering tones, "the fall is here!"
And seemed to feel the chilling snow,
That turns each leaflet brown and sear.

September, with her royal tread,
And gorgeous robes of gold and green,
Swept through the open gate and said—
"Behold your queen! behold your queen!"

She spurned the tender summer grass,
That seemed to plead for longer stay,
And all the lawn grew gray, alas!
So was the air fraught with decay.

O, summer fair! O, summer gone!
How longed my soul with thee to fly;
How yearns my heart to clasp its own,
Where summer glories never die.

Good-Bye.

DARLING, good-bye! the past is past;
A dream so sweet could never last;
A flower so fair must soon decay;
Good-bye, good-bye—fore'er and aye.

Darling, good-bye, a tear may fall
On bier and coffin, shroud and pall;
But hope once crushed will never rise,
Unless to bloom beyond the skies.

Darling, good-bye! look back no more,
Each window bar, close every door;
Let no dreams haunt thy waking hours;
The past is dead, the future ours.

Darling, good-bye! when you pass the spot
Where our joys were brightest, linger not,
But go thy way; seek the merry throng,
Laugh the lightest laugh, sing the gayest song.

But do not sing as you sung to me,
Ere my rapt soul gave its life to thee—
Sing wilder songs, with merrier air;
Let thy heart be light, and free from care.

Darling, good-bye! our idols all
Must perish, and our altars fall;
The heaviest cloud veils a summer day—
Good-bye, good-bye—forever and aye.

Darling, good-bye! forever and aye—
Bitter words, and hard to say—
Wild storms will rise, and sad hearts swell;
Time conquers all—farewell, farewell.

A Change.

["Hearts Never Break."—*Gail Hamilton.*]

SLENDER and lithe as a willow wand,
I see her now before me stand;
Queenly, yet meek, and fair, so fair—
A hint of gold dust on her hair.

Sweet and bright as the rosy dawn
That lightens up the autumn lawn—
A winsome, loving, low-voiced maid,
Of whom no child was e'er afraid.

She came, our village school to teach—
This fair, coy girl, so mild of speech;
Each day she taught a lesson new,
And, oh! she learned a lesson, too.

'T was whispered that young Harold Vane
Came oft to school, in shine or rain;
'T was whispered, too, a tender light
Began to make Maud's eyes more bright.

There came a time when Harold Vane
Did no more come, in shine or rain;
He passed no more the school, they say,
But rode far 'round another way.

And sweet Maud drooped, but kept her post,
And friends were sad who loved her most;
For no 'plaint from her lips e'er came—
No word of censure, or of blame.

Yet fast she changed, they scarce knew how;
There grew a change on lip, o'er brow;
And a haughty air, and a firmer walk,
A louder laugh, more prone to talk.

No broken heart, how strange, how strange!
No broken heart, but fearful change;
Men who had seen the pensive brow
And sighed, said, "She is stunning now."

The gossips wondered, and old wives said:
"Much better if the girl were dead,"
They called her bold and over free,
And puzzled o'er her history.

An absent friend came back one day,
A friend who long had been away;
She saw this change with look of pain,
And said, "You're heart-broke, dear, for Vane."

The maiden laughed, then said, "Not so,
My dear, 'hearts never break,' you know;
They do not break; I'll tell you why:
Alas! they cannot break, they die!"

"How oft at night, when all alone,
With no cold ear to hear my moan,
I've wept the very tear fount dry,
And smothered many a wild, sad cry."

"But now my heart lies cold and dead,
The last tear's dropped I e'er shall shed;
Were Harold Vane now pleading there,
I'd say: 'Sir, I've no heart to share!'"

Hugo Dead.

DEAD? No; such great souls never die;
They pass to higher spheres, they scan a clearer sky;
They know the bliss of life above its gloom, and tears;
They put away—as garments worn—the burden of the years.

M. Hugo has gone home—let human hearts be still;
Beyond the world's cold frown, above its smile so chill,
He lives, will ever live, in bright illumined rays;
He lives, unheeding now the dull world's blame or praise.

Pearls in the Sea.

"THERE are pearls in the sea," a maiden said lightly,
While standing alone on the breaker-washed shore,
"There are pearls in the sea! I see them flash brightly,
Though down in the depths a fathom or more."

"There are pearls in the sea"—she leaned farther over
The dangerous cliff, with a bough in her hand—
"There are pearls in the sea—I will turn rover
And will gather them up and bring them to land."

"And then my poor father may cease the hard toiling,
And mother will kiss me, and cry over me,
And no more from morn until midnight be moiling—
When I carry home my rich pearls from the sea."

"And then when my darling comes I will feign scorning,
Though faithful and true my heart will still be—
I'll say, 'a young nobleman comes in the morning
To claim a fair bride, and the bride will be me.'"

"And then, when the sadness steals over his features,
I will fly to his arms and kiss him right free,
And say, 'Ah, you men are the silliest creatures!'
Then show him my pearls from the depths of the sea."

"There are pearls in the sea, but I must fly homeward,
There's no time for dreaming with workers like me."
She sprang—the bough broke—and she swiftly fell downward,
While mermaids and men cried, "a pearl in the sea,"

Now, sometimes—'tis said—when the wild winds are wailing,
A maid in a pearl-laden boat you may see,
'Way out on the foam-covered waters swift sailing,
And singing aloud, "There are pearls in the sea."

To Miss G. J.

IN the fair semi-tropic land,
There is a tree of royal splendor;
Growing up from the clinging sand,
With rare blossoms, white and tender.
Few pause to note the lustrous tree,
Its branches in the sunlight glowing;
Nor half its beauty can they see,
Up in the heights where it is growing.

And thus oft times a life grows fair,
And revels in majestic beauty;
Reaching, beyond the sands of care,
Up to the gates of love and duty.
Here few may note how pure and grand,
And brave, a life may show in growing;
Yet watched it is in other land,
Beyond where silver waves are flowing.

May.

DAINTY May!
Why coquetting in this way?
What will all the people say
To your conduct, pretty May?

Frowning? Ah, that will not do;
We expected much of you;
Why so cold, so coy, oh May?
You should laugh and sing to-day.

Naughty May!
All the flowers are turning gray;
What is your idea, pray,
Thus to freeze us in this way?

Do you love old winter so,
That you cannot let him go?
Winter wooing Sunny May,
Is an omen bad, they say.

Victor Hugo.

SLOW pacing by the restless sea,
With eyes turned toward his native shore—
A victim of grim destiny,
Mocked by the wild waves' ceaseless roar.

For nineteen years—long weary years—
His poet heart, proud, pure, and strong,
Full of patience, pathos, tears,
Yearned o'er his nation's bitter wrong.

Nor did he dream that coming days
Should give to freedom his loved France;
Nor did he think the world would praise
The page o'er which his pen should glance.

The bright day dawned, when, o'er the wave,
The news came "foes are satisfied."
A day of grace for fettered slave;
"To Paris!" then the exile cried.

"France and freedom." No more sneers,
To mock the proud soul's patient trust,
"To Paris!" after nineteen years
Of exile's heavy, smoth'ring dust.

How mad was France, how more than blind,
To exile thus this master mind.

Farewell.

FOR you and me,
The time has come
To say farewell;
You do not speak—
Your lips are dumb—
Break not the spell.

Regrets are o'er,
We stand apart.
Time passes by
With steady tread;
He rules the heart—
I do not sigh.

I see bright hope
Along the years
For you and me;
Life's broad'ning view,
No time for tears,
'Tis past, you see.

My skies are fair,
As yours may be,
When years speed on;
Some hopes will fail—
That's destiny—
And age will come.

So let us speak
Our brief farewell,
And go our way:
Never to meet,
Nothing to tell,
No more to say.

As silent as the
  Dead who sleep
Low in the grave,
  Are they who seek
Forgetfulness
  Neath Lethe's wave.

True friendship is
  A holy thing;
A sacred spell;
  How worthy was
Your offering,
  Let your heart tell.

I know not why
  You won my heart;
The dream is o'er,
  And now, in silent
Peace, we part
  Forever more.

Not Well.

It is not well to drift idly—no!
  Life's fathomless stream, in its silent flow,
May carry us down, from the hills of light,
Into a dark and treacherous night.

It is not well to work illy—no!
The life we live and the seeds we sow
Will bring us a harvest, soon or late,
Of peace, or pain, of love or hate.

It is not well to wish evil—no!
Not to our most implacable foe;
For the wheels of time, in their rapid flight,
Will punish the evil, reward the right.
While nearing us fast comes eternity's night,
And justice is sure, though slow.

A Bouquet.

PINKS and pansies and fuschias,
Rare oleanders sweet,
Making a combination
Of fragrance most complete;
And telling a little story
Of friendship, pure and true,
This is the grateful message,
Received, dear one, from you.

How the ladies almost envied,
And how my heart throbbed fast,
And how the feast suspended,
As the flowers around were passed—
Are things I can not tell you,
But this, in truth, I say,
There was no gladder woman
'Mid all those ladies gay.

Ah, friend, such little tokens
Are very dear to those
Who feel the weight of sorrow,
And face unnumbered foes.
And now a little secret
I'll whisper, and 'tis true,
No one gives me flowers,
Mon ami, none but you.

Ghosts.

DO you care for stories worn and old,
Such as men tell when nights are cold,
And they sit sipping the wine's red flood
To stir their hearts with a warmer blood?

Stories of love, and trust, and death;
Of strangled gasps of a woman's breath;
Of shroudless corpse unburied, yet dead
As fallen leaves, 'neath careless tread.

Stories of woman's undying faith;
Of her pulseless heart, and her wretched wraith,
Of her hopes all trampled and faith quite crushed;
Of ghostly tones with drear notes hushed.

There are ghosts of womanhood now—they tell—
Walking between this world, and—well!
In mansion and cottage these ghosts are met,
With faces frozen by chill regret.

They smile and drink of the purple wine,
Of shroud and coffin there is no sign;
They laugh, but their eyes have no bright glow,
They walk with stateliness, solemn and slow.

Who was your murderer? (ghosts are dumb)
You question, and wait, but the busy hum
Of a hundred voices, make reply:
"What can a poor ghost do but sigh?"

And so these wraiths go wandering on,
A moment seen, another gone;
They ever walk in their chill despair,
These ghosts of women are everywhere.

John Janson's Way.

[A Christmas Story.]

JOHN JANSON was a man of wealth,
Of ample means and perfect health;
Yet grudging—so his neighbors said—
The poor, he knew, a loaf of bread.

John Janson once was poor, 'tis true,
But many years had passed from view
Since he must toil to win a share
Of what Dame Fortune had to spare.

John Janson long had ceased to care
Whether the days were dark or fair;
For he had money, home, and all
The blessings which to man befall.

But he was proud, and hard, and cold,
Moreover, he was growing old;
And thin his locks were, and as white
As autumn frosts on chilly night.

John Janson had a palace home,
Through which no wintery blasts could roam,
And blazing fires were burning bright,
The eve before one Christmas night.

In gown and slippers there sat he,
Contented as a man could be.
His daughter hummed a pretty tune,
And he was listening to its rune.

When sharp upon the parlor door
There came a rap, and then before
A soul could answer, or could see,
A man said: "Janson, come with me."

John Janson did not like to go.
And so with movements calm, and slow,
He donned his coat and hat, for he
Could not resist that "Come with me!"

Out in the cold, bleak, stormy night
They passed, and John, alarmed, was quite
Chilled to the bone 'ere he could ask:
"Stranger, why this toilsome task?"

The man walked on, nor turned his head;
John Janson followed him in dread
Way out beyond the joyous glow
Of city lamps. And then more slow

The stranger walked, till on the air
Came tremblingly a feeble prayer.
"Stop," said the man; "Now, listen well,
That prayer will all the story tell:"

"My Father, thou who hear'st the cry
Of ravens, ere they starve and die,
Hear me, and help us in our need—"
John Janson's heart began to bleed.

"Oh, help us!" still the pleading cry;
"Father, help us, or we die."
The sobbing voice crept thro' the air,
Close to John Janson, standing there.

"Now," said the stranger, "come and see
This sad abode of misery."
Silently, they passed within,
And saw, by the mystic glimmer dim,

A woman, crouched beside a chair,
While on a pallet nest'led there,
Two little children, who oft' sighed,
And in their slumbers, weakly, cried.

Wan, pinched and blue, their features wore
Such piteous look as ne'er before
Had Janson seen on human face.
Of food, or fire, there were no trace.

"Three days, alas!" the stranger said,
"Has this sick mother lacked the bread
To still the plaintive, begging cries
Of these stray babes, from paradise."

"Three days! While you have much to spare;
Why do you not your bounty share
With those who, from extremest need,
Must weep, and moan, and praying plead?"

John Janson, cried: "I will, I will!"
"What!" said his daughter, "dreaming still?
Why, papa, you have been asleep,
And I was trying still to keep,

So that you might yet slumber on."
"I now am wide awake," quoth John.
"So daughter bring my coat, and hat,
And rubbers from the hallway mat."

"Why, papa, hear how wild the wind!"
"Yes, yes, I hear, and do not mind,
For there are those in need, I fear;
So seek not to detain me, dear."

Away into the murk and gloom
Went this old man. The dusk—a tomb—
Closed round him, as he passed the ray
From his own lamp, and hied away.

Down to the city hurried he,
And sought the man of Charity,
And asked of him—who knew, I'm sure—
If they were needing aid for poor.

"Ah, yes," the worthy mayor said,
With solemn smile and shaking head:
"There is a widow living near,
Sick, desolate, and in want, I fear."

"Well, here is gold," John Janson said;
"No woman should implore for bread
When men of wealth have much in store—
When this is gone, apply for more."

The mayor, with astonishment,
Counted the sum so kindly lent,
And said, with moisture in his eyes,
"This is, indeed, a great surprise."

For he had given them that night
A hundred dollars, clean and bright.
'T will make hearts glad," the mayorsaid,
"But Janson must have lost his head."

John Janson lived to good old age,
And his kind deeds would fill a page,
And all the poor on Christmas day
Say, "Giving was John Janson's way."

Von Weber.

[Written by request of Prof. J. M. Chance, and read at the Broadway Seminary by Mrs. Dr. Miller.]

WHEN Genius lives in any state,
We homage pay. The good are great,
The great are good, we thus descry,
The good and great can never die.

Weber was born on Holland's shore
A century ago; his lore
Lives in the hearts of singers still,
Closely enshrined, and ever will.

Von Weber! may thy "Oberon"
And "Frieschutz" go ringing on
Down through the labyrinth of years,
Baptised with sympathetic tears.

'Tis well thy natal day to mark;
Some angel, bending low, may hark
And hear thy praises told again
Among assembled scores of men.

Ah, did'st thou guess in that dark hour
When thou did'st feel Azrael's power,
That down the ages should be heard
The music which thy heart had stirred?

Or did'st thou think, when quite alone,
Thou did'st receive the call, "Come home,"
That all the melody so sweet,
Born in thy soul, would live complete?

Von Weber! ne'er while flowers blow
And wild-birds sing and waters flow,
Wilt thou forgotten be. Thy birth
Foretold twin spirits—work and worth.

Five Years.

THE sentence passed, and low he bent
His grizzled head, while grim despair
Crept like a demon shadow sent,
O'er his face and rested there.

Five years! such long and weary while
To be immured by dungeon wall,
To toil in silence, ne'er to smile,
Not once to hear a loved voice call.

The crime was great—he forged a name!
His wife and daughter were in need,
And now, bowed down with guilt and shame,
He pays great penalty indeed.

Who can be glad to note the pain
The wretched feel when on their hands,
Firm fastened, with a heavy chain,
Are fettered, strongly, iron-bands?

What monster has a heart so cold
He can rejoice at such a sight?
A brother fettered, gray and old,
Dragged away to prison night.

There is a bar where justice keeps
Eternally a quiet ward;
And though all human judgment sleeps,
We answer some time to the Lord.

Judge not, oh man in wickedness!
Thy sins are like the robe of death;
Mock not thy brother in distress,
God holds the measure of thy breath.

Yea, holds the measure, and doth know
How vain and weak a thing thou art;
Be pitiful toward human woe,
Let mercy touch thy selfish heart.

Tragedy.

"FORGIVE me!" she plead—he answered, with scorn—
His heart was as cold and hard as the dead:
"You have plucked the rose, now pierced by its thorn,
You come and ask me for pardon," he said.

And he walked away, in the twilight chill,
While she, in her agony, there stood still.
And as she stood there in the waning light,
Sorrowful, weeping, so sadly alone,
A dark demon came on the wings of night,
And breathed on her heart, 'till it turned to stone.
And her eyes grew dry, as her heart grew cold,
And his image slipped from its tender fold.

"Forgive, oh, forgive me! and love me again,"
The woman looked back with an eye of scorn;
'Twas his voice now, full of passionate pain,
And his voice, sorrowful, sad and forlorn.
And she, in a low tone, answered him then,
"Mercy I will leave to the hearts of men."

Then she turned away like a wrathful sprite,
While he was left in the gathering gloom;
And he watched her pass from his vision quite;
And he read in her firm, proud walk his doom.
And while he stood sorrowful there and wept,
A demon awoke, which long years had slept.

And he crept along in the twilight's glow,
There was nothing near but this demon bold;
And close to the path a dark river's flow,
With never a willow to catch and hold.
A sudden push! a loud cry! and then—
The man and the demon vanished again.

From out the cold waves they lifted her face,
While every one wondered why this should be!
Of violence? no! there was not a trace;
"Self-murder," coroner and jury agree.
The man and the demon stood by and wept
O'er the woman dead, and their secret kept.

A Threnody.

WE fret out our earthly existence,
We sigh for the gold of a star;
We stand and gaze upward, lamenting,
Because fairer worlds gleam afar.

We know not the way we are going,
And fain would turn back if we could;
Yet Time drags us on unrelenting,
Through mazes we ne'er understood.

Not a step will the grim future show us,
We walk in the dark—oft afraid—
What is there above and below us,
Beyond the dread coffin and spade?

The years, who can chain, who can count them,
As they stretch out their length in the gloom?
We know that if few, or if many,
They end in the dusk of the tomb.

And yet we fight many a battle,
For place, recognition and power,
Forgetting the death which can stifle
Our clamoring cry any hour.

How poor are the honors we covet,
How foolish our wailing lament;
This world, with the bright stars above it,
Hath ne'er brought one sad soul content.

A Rebuke.

I SAT where the shadows were falling,
My bowed head low on my hand,
And heard a wild bird softly calling
His mate, from the shadowy land.

From the depth of the dim old woodland,
Where slumbering shades lay deep,
And winds on the boughs of the pine trees
Were rocking themselves to sleep.

His call had a sound of sadness,
A sorrow half breathed into words,
As if there could never be gladness
Again in the kingdom of birds.

My soul—without raising its eyelids,
Low answered the lone bird's cry,
'Till all the winds in the wildwoods
Awoke, with a sorrowful sigh,

And moaned a response, as in pity
For me, and the desolate bird,
'Till each green leaf on the tree tops
Sent downward a piteous word.

There was sadness over the woodland,
The song of the bird was hushed;
My soul glancing up to the Master,
Remembered His words and blushed.

Thought of the sorrow of Jesus, who
Comforted hearts, 'till the last
Agonized hour of the Death scene,
With darkness, veiled vision, had passed.

While I had sobbed out to the forest,
My desolate, woeful cry,
Until I had made all the dim woods
Send back an answering sigh.

But now, with shame mantled features,
My soul sang a song to the bird;
'Till the leaves e'en in the shadows,
With soft thrills of rapture were stirred.

The birds joining all in a chorus:
"We'll comfort the hearts that are sad,
Hide all our woes, and endeavor
To make the disconsolate glad."

A Lesson.

MY heart was heavy, and my eye-lids
Moist with bitter tears,
As I looked with hopeless vision
Toward the coming years;
Looked, and saw but gloom and shadow,
Drifting off into the night;
Thus seeing, cried with voiceless anguish:
"Make my pathway bright."

Cried again, my spirit saying,
With the boldness of despair,
"These pressing, heavy burdens,
Are too great for me to bear!"
Just as my cry grew loud and wilder,
O'er my spirit's din
I heard a voice of rapture singing
This sweet evening hymn:

"O, the earth is often gloomy,
But yonder shines the sun,
And I must need these heavy burdens,
Let Thy will be done.
I must not murmur, though dark shadows
Reach unto the tomb;
My Father's hand will lead me safely
Through the midnight gloom."

How quickly Shame, her crimson mantle
Wrapped about my head;
Ah! that singer was a wanderer,
Needing home and bread;
A beggar, with no shelter,
Craving alms an hour before,
Humbly bearing to the wayside
Crumbs found at my door.

I knew, Oh, God forgive me,
That this stranger, poor and old,
Before he laid him down to slumber,
On the earth so cold,
Had faith to sing, in tones of rapture,
That sweet, sacred song,
While my weak spirit brooded darkly,
O'er a trifling wrong.

Then I said: "This wayside beggar
Has given alms to me,
Holy alms of Faith and Patience,
Lasting as eternity."

Thanksgiving.

IN those sad, fearful, yet heroic days,
When minute men sung solemn songs of praise,
And gathered close around the cabin fire,
The dear ones saved, as yet, from savage ire;
When strong, full bearded men, of tender guise,
Watched Liberty—a child—with tearful eyes,
And prayed the Father, with half bated breath,
"O! give me liberty or give me death."
When to the church they crept with foot-fall still,
To worship, and give thanks for fruit of mill,
For life and health, and strength of heart and soul,
And all the minor blessings that comprise the whole.
Those were the days when heroism meant more
Than a mere flight of rhetoricians roar;
Those were the days when the rite of sacrifice
Meant loss of comfort—aye, and loss of life.
When little children, and their mothers—pure—
Were oft' found slaughtered at the cabin door.
Then heaps of earth—unmarked—meant graves;
Yet less than this meant land of fettered slaves.
Oh! those were times when God was recognized;
Oh! those were days when liberty was prized;
And men gave thanks, and prayed, and wept,
In forests, dark, through which fierce wild things crept.
From out this direful suffering and woe,
This furnace flame of red and awful glow,
There came bright happy days at last, and free
The sacred stars and stripes of liberty
Waved out in beauty o'er a peace-crowned land,
And homes of love sprang up on every hand.
Then staunch New England, with her war-scar'd face,
Gather'd the scattered children of a sturdy race,
And 'round the festive board gave thanks to Him
Who led their fathers through the forests dim,
And gave their fathers victory, and they
The right to wreath their brows with freedom's bay.
Then clear the hearth-stone blaze leapt up;

Then white the foam of cider on each cup;
Then golden brown the turkeys on the board;
And laughter gay with the red hearth-fire roared,
And all were care-free, happy, as if blood
Had never stained the soil with crimson flood.
Men oft' forget how much they owe to God,
Who in this latter day march o'er the sod,
Blood-hallowed by the tide of butchered men,
Forget to pray, give thanks, forget as when
Belshazzar feasted, rioting until
The writing smote him mute, and white and chill.
We are the children of those murdered sires,
Who oft' met death by lonely forest fires—
Slain, as they snatched a moment for repose
On blankets white with falling winter snows.
We are the children of the men who died
For Freedom, and fair Liberty, his bride.
And so we'll give full earnest praise to-day,
And thank the Lord in the old prayerful way.
With songs of melody, clear, ringing sweet,
For showers of blessings free and complete.
And men will give a toast, and it will be:
"America! Blest land of Liberty."

Queis.

WORLD-WEARY wanderer o'er desert lands,
Seeking relief from the deep, drifting sands,
There is a sweet spot with cool shadows blest,
A place where God promises tired hearts rest.

Sad stifled souls, in your bondage of sin,
Drearily toiling amid the world's din,
List to the words of sorrow's sad guest:
"Come to me weary ones—I'll give you rest."

Breaking hearts, groaning 'neath loads of such care,
As only the hearts of the desolate bear,
He hears every sigh from your poor throbbing breast,
And calls in his infinite love: "Come and rest!"

Some Day.

SOME day my task will all be done,
My toil-worn garments put aside,
For me the last sweet time the sun
Adown the western sky will glide.

Some day the birds, I love so well,
Will tune their notes for other ears;
My violets in the shady dell
Will bloom for others, years and years.

Bud and blossom, fade and die,
Put forth their tiny leaf in Spring.
Smile just as brightly as when I
Was here to note their glistening.

But you, dear love, will sadly stand
Beside my bier and grieve for me;
For one brief moment hold my hand,
And moan for human sympathy.

Then go away and hide your woe
As best you can—God helping you;
While in my very grave I'll know
Your life is brave, and just, and true,

Your love had made my life so sweet;
So tender, and so kind you've been,
I'd rather stay near you than greet
A host of charming cherubim.

Yet we, some day—ah! who can tell
How near or far the day may be?
With saddened hearts, must say farewell
On the border of Eternity.

A Portrait.

[Inscribed to Mrs. G. S. McG., of St. Louis.]

COME artist, bring your palette,
And colors rich, and rare,
And let me paint the portrait
Of one so wondrous fair,
That you will pause, astonished,
And dumb with glad surprise,
As from the dim, cold canvas,
Shine out her hazel eyes.

Please stand close here, beside me,
And watch this pleasing task,
And while I work I'll answer
The questions you may ask;
And I will tell you truly
About this lady fair,
With eyes of hazel lustre,
And coils of red-brown hair.

Now mix for her complexion
The soft tints, pure and white;
And for her hair, dusk shadows,
Half hidden from the light;
And for her lips the ruby,
Like rare, old Spanish wine,
And nest'ling there within them,
Let pearl teeth, gleaming, shine.

Oh, watch me, while I perfect
This form of magic grace;
To match the oval features
Of this most matchless face;
And tell me, have you ever
Such rare perfection seen?
You have not! aye, I knew it,
Nor will you oft', I ween.

You may journey o'er the country
A thousand leagues or more;
Or sail the broad, deep ocean,
From east to western shore,
And you will meet few women
So gracious, and so sweet,
As this portrait, on the canvas,
Now finished and complete.

Sympathy.

YOUR words so grieve me that my spirit weeps;
I know you suffer, for I feel your pain;
There is no vigil that your sad heart keeps,
But comes in dreams to haunt my soul again.

You live your lonely life, yet long to die;
The future has no terror like your pain,
Yet Death, so merciless, would fly
If you should seek the stormy battle plain.

You know the death that reaches but the heart,
And leaves the body in unburied gloom,
Hearts joined by love, then coldly wrenched apart,
Like dust and ashes lie, within a tomb.

Believe me, friend, I know your sorrow well;
Yet can not say one word to give you rest,
For you, goes ringing on, an endless knell,
And Peace seems gone, for aye, from your sad breast.

Which.

WHICH is sweetest, who can tell,
Lily bud or lily bell?
Snow-white rose or crimson one,
Indoor plant or kissed by sun.

Which the sweetest, who can tell,
Fair haired maid or dark haired belle?
City bred, or kissed by sun?
Girls are angels—every one.

Dark or light, in sun or shower,
Blooming bright, I choose the flower
That sheds the richest fragrance here,
And blooms right free, our hearts to cheer.

Dark or light, the girl give me,
Scorning wiles of vanity;
Loving Honor, Virtue, Truth,
Guerdous bright of Love and Youth.

The Shadowed Way.

FATHER, forgive past murmurings!
Forgive the sad tears anguished flow;
Forgive the striving task which brings
Only a harvest time of woe.

What are we that we dare ısk
A respite from one care or pain?
Exoneration from one task,
One cold look less, or word of blame?

If dazzling sunshine be not best,
Should we, in anger, cease to pray?
We plead not for the sluggard's rest,
But for grace to walk the shadowed way.

The shadowed path is best for me;
  Let others have the sunlight clear.
Author of Love, I cast my heart on Thee,
  And walk in shadow without fear.

After the Shower.

THE sobbing wind with a moaning sigh,
  Had crept to the blue black morning sky,
And left its tears in gleaming pearls,
  On maple leaves and grape-vine curls.

When *some one* came to a summer bower,
  Fairer than pearl, sweeter than flower;
With a sunbeam caught in her silken hair,
  And the violet's tint in her eyes so rare.

With a graceful step, so light and free,
  And eyes that shone with love for me,
She came like some resplendent queen,
  In the mystic light of a rainbow's sheen.

A song-bird came from its leafy rest,
  And brought from its store of song, the best
And sweetest notes ear ever heard
  From tuneful throat of a tropic bird.

O, happy bird! rare, fragrant flowers,
  O, wondrous sky! dear, happy hours;
O, sweet first grace of womanhood!
  O, Love's divine beatitude.

O, Life! with thy wealth of mysteries,
  Tell me what potent charm there is,
Like that which beams from a maiden's eyes,
  When first she knows love's sweet surprise.

Music.

HOW I love music, the carol of birds
Floats to the ear like Love's whispered words,
And breaks on the air like far away swell,
Of marriage rites told by the chiming bell.

There is melody soft in hum of bees,
Fluttering in groups o'er blossom bent trees;
Music like this lulls the soul to such rest,
As must be known in the land of the blest.

A mystic and wondrous song has the sea,
When it smiles in calm, and kisses the lea;
'Tis said this music is sometimes so sweet,
That it lures to depths the souls of a fleet.

How rythmic yet sad, the music I hear
From the maples, when the leaves have grown sere;
They sing with a sob, a sorrowful sigh,
Till broken, and wither'd, they shudder and die.

Soothingly sweet is the song of the rain;
It croons at midnight and taps on the pane,
And whispers of rest on the ever-bright shore,
Where sadness comes not, and tears are no more.

Have you not heard the wild songs of the night,
Near wind-haunted woods, in waning twilight?
Music comes soft from the leaves of the pine,
In rythm more perfect, more tender than rhyme.

The songs of forest, of bee, and of bird,
The flow of waters my soul has oft' stirred,
More priceless, more precious, such music to me,
Than symphonies grand of best harmony.

The Old Story.

ON dizzy heights of immortal song,
A singer stood, with thin locks hoary,
And touched his harp, the whole day long,
And sung that olden sacred story.

The western sky to the earth bent low,
And sunset donned her rich robes golden,
And sent a smile o'er the earth aglow,
While low he sung that story olden.

And as he sung his face grew white,
Death siezed the man, but the song immortal
Soared away on the swift wings of light,
Until it entered Eden's portal.

The music rolled on the western breeze,
And northern winds on pure lips caught it,
And sent it through Palmetto trees,
'Till sweet south air, to north gale brought it.

And then caught up by seraphic tongue,
To mortal ear it came from glory;
'Till from the lips of old, and young,
Is heard the notes of that sweet story.

Be Brave, Firm and True.

KNEEL to the world and 'twill crush you;
Cringe and the tyrant will rave;
Pray, 'twill remorselessly hush you;
Face and defy it—be brave.

Be firm in each righteous endeavor,
Let your light free and fearlessly burn;
"Unstable as water" forever,
You naught can accomplish—be firm.

There is nothing like Truth—'tis immortal—
A spirit from God sent to you,
To guide you to Eden's blest portal;
Then always be honest and true.

As the Birds Sing.

[Inscribed to Mrs. E. C. More, of Columbia, Mo.]

SHE opened her lips, and the music came gushing
In ecstatic melody, soothing and sweet,
Like some purling rill, down the mountain side rushing,
And pausing to rest near a traveler's feet.

She sings as the birds sing! just like a linnet,
Or oriole fresh from the sweet scented limes;
Then changing the notes, in space of a minute,
She brings breath of spice, from the Orient climes.

To hear her is heaven, or something near to it,
None can express music's language more near;
Many will try—ah! can they do it?
In measure so perfect, in rich tones so clear?

Why does she sing so? 'Tis because she so loves it;
This is the reason she gave to a friend;
She lifts her voice up from the earth, far above it,
And with it the souls of her hearers ascend.

She is comely and fair, as good as her singing;
This is great praise, those who know her confess;
She comes like the sunshine, glad melody bringing;
And all love her music, 'tis like a caress.

Lines.

[Written on the death of Nellie Field, and respectfully inscribed to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Y. Field, of Pettis county.]

YOUR golden-haired daughter has left you,
Your hearts with anguish are chill,
Since death has sadly bereft you,
And left your home lonely and still.

Your bright, loving Nellie, your treasure,
No words, though sadder than tears,
Could half of your loneliness measure,
Through the disconsolate years.

Just budding to womanhood's glory,
In sweetness like a flower,
Death closed the fair page, and the story
Of Hope, was gone in an hour.

I can bring no words of compassion,
To ease your pain, yet my heart
Aches for you, and tries still to fashion,
Some word to heal sorrow's smart.

There's a path leading up from the river,
Away on the other shore;
And those who walk there feel no quiver
Of earth's heavy pain no more.

In that peace, in that joy, dwells your darling,
Waiting and watching for you;
Above where all wild storms are snarling,
Dwells she, with the pure and true.

And there very soon will you meet her,
Life's tide sweeps onward so fast;
And there will you joyfully greet her,
All troubles over and past.

Memory.

SOMETIMES when sitting in the dusk alone,
A vision comes to me of other years,
Comes softly to my heart and makes a moan
So sorrowful, my eyes respond with tears.

Memory brings to-night a picture, framed,
And places it so that my weeping eyes
Rest on it. Time has this picture little maimed,
And it is fair enough to cause surprise.

A great old farm-house, very brown and grim,
Knowing the rust one-half a century brings,
And looking like some castle, gray and dim,
Of which the dreaming poet often sings.

About the open court three children play,
And one is merrier than the rest;
The twilight holds the crescent moon at bay,
With smiles to see the joy in this home nest.

Some sturdy apple trees, huge, long-armed things,
The grandsire planted years and years before,
Have their own games, of fragrant blossom flings,
With gently waving boughs, close to the door.

An old fashioned well-sweep, with bucket hung
By a clanking chain, hides beneath an elm,
So tall, its long, lithe, graceful branches flung,
Might almost seem to touch another realm.

And the old barn, so full of mystery
To childish brain. The place to hide away,
And ponder over earth's strange history,
When weary of work, or weary of play.

Those scenes are past! And still memory clings
With vice-like grasp to that sweet olden time;
And many such familiar picture brings,
And with the painting, some imperfect rhyme.

Her Prodigal.

A LOVING mother, blue-eyed and fair,
Stood where trailing vines hung low,
With sunbeams touching her silver hair,
Her saint-like face in a happy glow.

In her hand she held some quaint device
For holding plants she loved so well;
And she asked: "Do you not think them nice?
They were sent by one who loves me well."

"They were a gift on my natal day,
Precious gift from a wandering one;
Perhaps, sometimes you have heard me say
Something about my prodigal son."

"I have one, out in the world alone,
Battling with care, surrounded by sin,
I know the Father will bring him home
To the shepherd's fold, and let him in."

There is no faith like a mother's faith,
No care like a mother's watchful care;
There is no hope like her steadfast hope,
Nor mountain of sin unmoved by her prayer.

O! the trust in her face that shone:
The beaming light in her sweet, blue eyes,
As she said: "The Father will bring him home
Safe, to the mansions above the skies."

Parting.

"DO not go!" Why do you say it?
What do you care, if yea or nay?
In stopping here where is the merit?
Why notice, if I go or stay?

My life and thine, like lands assunder,
And parted wide by oceans deep,
Can never touch, and so I wonder
Which most shall hopeless vigil keep.

Which most will look across the chasm,
With longing eyes and aching heart?
Which most will feel the tempest driven,
That sweeps our frail life boat apart?

I "promised?" Nay, no word was spoken,
That gave one hint of thy request,
When human hearts are torn, and broken,
They seek—'neath other skies for rest.

And so I go away in sorrow,
Or staying weep—'tis just the same—
The dreary dawn of each to-morrow,
Falls with the burdens of its blame.

The sea rolls restless; often beating
In wildest frenzy on the sands;
Yea, beats and breaks, and then retreating,
Frets 'gainst the rocks of other lands.

I go away—perhaps forever!
What hand can check the force of fate?
Life's broken chain is mended never,
If early severed—or if late.

I have one wish, 'tis this—forget me!
Or thinking, say: "My friend is dead!"
And as a long dead friend, regret me,
Though time marks cycles 'round my head.

Mary and Martha.

THERE floats through my mind the vision of a maiden, young and fair,
With beauteous brow and feature, and a veil of golden hair;
It hides her graceful shoulders, and nestles lovingly there,
Mantling white neck, and a bosom, "half hidden and half bare."

A rare and wondrous maiden, with eyes of azure hue,
The liquid depths within them more bright than sun kissed dew.
Her robes were pure white, and crimson, pale shining gold and blue—
A learned and gifted maiden in all that was grand and true.

With pearls in her hair, a necklace the rarest that men could find;
Yet far richer gems, and better, were stored in her modest mind.
There at the feet of the Master—before he had rested or dined—
She drank the low, sweet, murmuring tones of the Savior of mankind.

Martha, so busy and tired, worried with household care,
Thought it a shame that her sister should loiter idly there;
And she thought her own hard trials were more than she could bear,
So she would speak to the Master, for he could judge her fair.

The deep, mild glance of the Savior dwelt on the twain
before him;
On Martha, so sober and stately, a trifle dark and grim,
On Mary, as bright and sparkling as some sweet
cherubim,
And loving words of wisdom were heard in the twi-
light dim:

"You have served me well, good Martha, be not
troubled in heart,
Your sister here has chosen the wiser and better part,
It shall not be taken from her, and in the City new,
She shall have her place, good Martha, and you shall
have your due."

So in the mystic future, that seems so distant and dim,
The faithful all shall have a place, ready prepared by
Him;
And servant then be happy as the brighest cherubim.

Ingratitude.

STANDING where the lights were gleaming
Clear and bright;
Where all eyes were gaily beaming
With delight;
Far away beyond the gloaming
I could hear
Something, like a sad voice moaning,
As in fear.

Then I left the lights and pleasures,
And I went
Towards the voice whose mournful measures
Broke content.
There I found one in the gloaming
All alone;
And he made this ceaseless moaning
With a groan:

"O! I am so lone and weary
Let me die;
Life has naught but woes so dreary
'Neath the sky."
Then I said: "My world-worn brother
I will be
Truer friend, than e'er another
Was to thee.

I will leave the halls of gladness
For thy sake,
And my home 'mid haunts of sadness
I will make."
Thus I strove—nor vain—to fill him
With new life;
And with bright hopes to instill him
For the strife.

He grew strong, and laughed with gladness
All the day;
And the gloom, and doubt, and sadness
Went away.
He, too, went and left me weeping
In the gloom;
And my heart was as in keeping
Of the tomb.

But he never came to cheer me
With a word,
And my soul was sad within me,
And was stirred.
To its utmost depth of feeling,
At the wrong.
And the sorrow o'er me stealing
Is this song.

Mobbed.

[From an incident related by an aged colored man.]

A MURDERED man was found one day,
Near where my labors urged my feet,
And I was dazed and could not say
One word to those in anger's heat.
To those who claimed the crime confessed,
Because no sound came from my breast.

In a forest, near the fatal spot,
For two long hours I was alone;
And in that time the deed was wrought,
But I ne'er heard a cry, or moan.
My foot-prints were the first ones found,
And I was traced o'er all the ground.

How still the night! I mind it now—
My two young children, smiling, slept,
When slowly, down the mountain's brow,
A mob of men through darkness crept.
A gentle knock on my pine door,
I answered—and met men, a score.

"Come out!" low hissed a grinning mask;
I saw a rope in careless coil—
And guessed the meaning of their task,
And thought, "'tis over, all earth's toil."
My wife ran out in wild alarm,
And sought to save me from their harm.

No time to say a brief "farewell,"
I could not kiss my helpless babes,
Afar I heard a tolling bell,
While dragged away to forest shades.
I tried to think, and strove to pray,
In terror of the judgment day.

I felt the noose, and wished to speak:
  But strong hands held the hempen cord,
And I was bruised, and faint, and weak,
  And could not fashion one poor word.
I thought of Mary, and a weight
Bore down all courage, yea, and hate.

Why loosed those tugging hands their hold?
  What meant that loud, alarmed outery?
Why came that breathless rider, bold,
  On speeding steed? To see me die?
I only caught one word—the rest
Were wholly lost—he cried: "Confessed!"

I swooned away, and when again
  Did come to know of earthly things,
I was at home, all racked with pain,
  And 'round my throat were purple rings;
And my poor Mary, wan and ill,
Bent o'er me, in the gray-light chill.

A moment more, had been too late;
  The Law, not vengeance, must be best,
No mercy lurks in human hate,
  And murder thrives at its behest.
The murderer, by law, was tried;
  Condemned to swing from scaffold grim,
Through law he suffered, yea, and died,
  Yet I had late been mobbed for him.

Indian Summer.

QUEEN of the autumn time.
Mystic and tender.
'Way in some balmy clime
Throned in great splendor:
We hear thy dainty step.
Welcome thy coming.
While the wild bee's regret
Sadly is humming.

This world is full of care—
Thy ways are soothing:
Where all the weary are.
Thou wilt be moving:
In dreamy, quiet way
Thou will be singing:
"Rest from thy toil to-day—
Autumn is winging."

Gather the luscious nuts.
Gather the wine fruit.
Out from the city's ruts.
Where the wild vines root:
Now is the harvest time.
Labor is pleasure:
Forests are yours and mine.
Gather their treasure.

The world is full of woe—
Thou brightest gladness.
And to the sad ones go.
Charming their sadness
With sunshine soft and warm.
With starry splendor.
Sweet Queen, of the autumn born.
We homage render.

Sweet Voices.

AWAY 'mong the hills there's a river,
Where the ghosts of the hemlock and pine,
Speed over the waves when a-quiver,
Are leaves in the merry sunshine.

And the murmuring tones of this river,
I hear in the silence of night,
And they set my glad heart all a-shiver
With rapturous thrills of delight.

And I hear in memory's dreamland,
As I walked down the pathways of Time,
The voice of the wind in the tree tops,
The tops of the sweet-scented pine.

O! I know its melodious whisper,
'Tis softer than twitter of birds,
'Tis sweeter than even the sweetest
Of a lover's most beautiful words.

As it falls on my soul like the dew-drop,
Fall soft on the heart of a flower,
More soothing, more pure, more refreshing,
Than heavier falling of shower.

The shower that oft beats the blossom,
A poor blighted thing, in the dust,
And rends from its torn, naked bossom
The last tattered leaf of its trust.

Oh! the voices that sang through my childhood,
Of waters, of birds, and of bees,
And the sweet lullabys of the wildwood—
What music is sweeter than these?

The towns have a wonderful clamor,
A wild, rushing, wildering noise,
Of anvil, and engine, and hammer,
But my soul of this turmoil soon cloys:

And turns to the forest and meadow,
To the glint of the sun on the leaves,
And rests in the half-broken shadow,
And looks unto God and believes.

Believes in the good and the holy,
Believes in the pure and the true;
Believes in the meek and the lowly,
As the God-given soul ought to do.

Her Sin.

THE mighty angel frowned, then wrote
In burning letters, as of fire,
Her sin, while o'er the maiden's throat
The crimson life-tide crept higher.

Have mercy on my tender years;
O! spare the record, hide the stain—
The maiden plead and shook with fears,
But all her pleading was in vain.

She went away, the book was sealed
With seven seals; and all her sin
Would somewhere, sometime, be revealed
Before a throng of cherubim

The maiden thought, and wildly wept,
Then on her knees cried: "God! forgive
For His dear sake, my sin;" then slept,
Murm'ring, "In peace my soul shall live."

When in the dreadful judgment hour,
The recording angel broke the seal
To read her crime, with awful power,
He found no guilt there to reveal.

But all the page was crimsoned o'er
With stains like blood. The angel smiled.
"There was a record here before,
His blood has washed it clean, my child."

Under the Shade of the Trees.

["Let us cross the river and rest under the shade of the trees."—*Last words of Stonewall Jackson.*]

THERE'S a glory in living, if life is lived well,
But the glory of dying no poet may tell,
When looking away to the opposite shore
The soul sees the beauties that fade never more.

The hero of battles grows tender and mild,
And seeks this sweet rest, with the faith of a child;
A child climbing up to its mother's soft breast,
Well knowing her kisses will soothe it to rest.

The heat of the day with its burden is past,
War's glories and terrors are over at last,
O! the Hero has felt on his brow the cool breeze
As he passed to his rest, 'neath the shade of the trees.

And who shall dare say that this vision was naught,
That 'twas from the pain of delirium wrought?
Who can tell what the soul of a dying man sees,
When he speaks of the "river" and "rest 'neath the trees?"

He thought of his comrades, their weary, worn feet,
With compassionate tenderness, wonderously sweet,
He called to them all when he felt Heaven's breeze,
"Let us cross the river and rest 'neath the trees."

O! God! when our life and our labors are done,
In the name of the Holy Immaculate One,
We pray that we, too, may see visions like these,
And know we are going to rest 'neath the trees.

Over ! Over !

A gentleman, eighty-four years old, recently said to me: "I have outlived my day and generation, I am of no more use in this world; I am just waiting on the bank of the river for the boatman to come after me. I sometimes think that I hear the plashing of the oars, and I keep calling 'Over! Over!' all the while, so that he shall be sure to find me." Thinking of these words, spoken half humorously and half earnestly, I have written the following lines:]

LONELY, watching, 'mid the shadows,
Close beside the storm-washed shore,
I can almost hear the boatman
As he plies his busy oar;
But he does not seem to heed me,
Nor to hear my earnest call—
"Over! over!" I am waiting,
Where the twilight shadows fall.

How I've toiled to reach this river,
More than four-score years are o'er
Since I started on my journey
To that blissful, other shore;
Now, beside the silent water,
I am watching for a sail;
"Over! over!" I am calling
To the boatman, still and pale.

Hark! I think I hear—not distant,
Something like a muffled oar;
Ah! the boatman hears my pleading
And has left the other shore.
"Over! over!" still I'll call him,
For the night's dark shadows lie
Close and thick around about me,
He may once more pass me by.

Surely now he must be near me,
For my earthly tasks are o'er,
And this world has naught of beauty,
Light or brightness for me more.
Yes! I hear the oars a-plashing,
Soon his call will break the gloom,
And my soul, with joy responding,
Will be launched beyond the tomb.

Annabel Grey.

IT was twilight holy, "the lover's hour,"
Annabel Grey sought her vine-clad bower,
To meet there one who was dear to her
As the snow-cloud is to mountain fir.

He came with the grace of Launcelot,
And brought to that sacred, fragrant spot
A pride like death, and a worldly skill,
To tenderly crush and kindly kill.

Annabel Grey, a simple flower,
Less than naught in his haughty power,
She was to him just a pretty toy,
While he to her was her life, her joy.

One blossom there, she had loved and kissed,
With silken leaves, like the autumn mist,
The only one in that cool retreat,
She kissed it then, and low at his feet

She laid it down, with a quiv'ring sigh,
And said: "You must love, my darling, or I
Shall know that you love not me; for, Oh!
I sometimes fear that it is not so."

He took the flower, with careless grace,
And bent a smile on the upturned face
That sent the blood, with a sudden thrill,
Up to her cheek, as the north wind chill

Will bring a tingle when sunshine gleams
With power to melt the frozen streams.
Genevieve Ray, at that moment came,
With her waving hair and cheeks like flame.

Came and stood like an Indian queen,
In a little space, those hearts between.
She saw the flower—"Pray give to me
That half-crushed bloom, and I will to thee

Give this crimson rose—resplendent thing—
More suited to grace my proud heart's king."
He gave the flower; Annabel Grey,
In speechless woe, went her weary way.

Her heart sank down like a fallen star,
Her eyes caught a beam of worlds afar.
He wed, with pomp, bright Genevieve Ray;
While angels welcom'd Annabel Grey.

You and I.

MADLY the storm-waves of Fate's cruel sea,
Are sending dark waters all over the land;
And the life of happiness that might be,
Is sunk beneath its treacherous sand.

We know those sweet, pure hopes of ours are lost,
And in their stead are ravens, croaking o'er
The lonely graves we've made at heavy cost,
Chattering their monotonous, "no more."

Alas! "no more, no more," and yet the roll
Of Fate's cold waves still tide along for aye,
And Death stands mocking at the weary soul,
Crying, "how fares your breaking heart to-day?"

You and I have always known much grief,
And I have always murmured more than you;
Have asked for Leathean waves to bring relief,
While sad tears have fallen like the dew.

I glad would yield my wretched life for yours,
If this could bring you wished-for happiness;
We bear the pain which alone death cures,
And wait for lagging Azrael's chill caress.

My Darling.

I HEARD the south wind whispering to the trees,
I saw the smiling and the glistening leaves,
And all the land was in a glory, sweet and clear,
For it was the beauteous summer of the year.

O, the listening and the glistening
Of the leaves!
O, the cooing and the wooing
Of the breeze!

My darling to the woodland tryst came fleet,
With the dew drops on her mantle and her feet;
And all the evening beauties shrank away,
For my darling was more beautiful than they.

O, the smiling and beguiling
Of her face!
O, the lightness and the brightness
Of her grace!

The north wind, with a rushing and a roar,
Swept the glorious autumn forest o'er,
And Winter, with his awful, chilling breath,
Brought to my darling and the flowers, death.

O, the moaning and the groaning
Of the trees!
O, the sighing and the dying
Of the leaves!

Ah! her words, so sweet and tender, still I hear,
Like the music of the brooklet, low and clear;
And my fancy doth behold her in a light
Soft and hazy, as the mystic 'proach of night.

O, the deepness, the completeness,
Of the tomb!
O, the sadness! O, the madness,
Of its gloom!

I am told there is a somewhere, out of sight,
Where the failing mortal vision shall grow bright,
And where those whom earth hath hidden shall appear.
And that I may see my darling, still so dear.

O, the hoping, while I'm groping,
Here below!
O, the grieving, e'en believing,
Souls may know!

Our Pastor.

I SAT in my place, on that autumn morn,
Which May with November had blended,
And I watched the tints from their union born,
'Till our pastor's sermon was ended.

I had listened in such a dreamy way,
That the text is but half remembered,
For my thoughts were half on a crimson ray
That down from a sunbeam had clambered.

But something I caught of the earnest words,
"The eagle stirreth her nest."
And my thoughts went out like the summer birds
Seeking a place of rest.

The sermon was o'er, and our pastor bowed,
For a moment his kindly face;
While a rustling stir, from the silent crowd,
Said—"Waiting now for grace."

But our pastor arose, with a flush of pain
O'er sweeping his brow and cheek,
Like a sudden dash of the autumn rain,
When the hills are growing bleak.

And he said—he was going o'er dale and hill,
  Going away to stay;
O'er rivers deep, and mountain's rill,
  Going forever and aye.

Like a breaker's boom against the shore,
  When calm sleeps on the sea,
Or the sudden hush of a cavern's roar,
  Were our pastor's words to me.

"What shall we do without him here?"
  My heart in its woe kept crying;
"Who'll fill his place in the coming year;
  Who'll watch with the sick, and dying?"

For I thought of his tone, when the angel Death
  Had stricken our darling low,
And I heard again, o'er my sobbing breath,
  His words of comfort flow.

Sing—"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
  He said, his clear voice ringing,
But we, in our silent agony,
  Had little heart for singing.

But I thought, as they sang, how deep and wide,
  The rock had been cleft for him,
And felt that he, with the purified,
  Had entered its bliss within.

Unrequited Love.

A TINY, blue-eyed blossom,
Grew near a narrow path,
Where looking up it learned to love
A tall form moving past;
Yet how to tell its passion
It could not quite conceive,
And oft' in midnight darkness,
In dewy tears did grieve.

But when the sun, resplendent,
Shone on its pretty face,
It smiled, in dainty beauty,
And bowed with winsome grace;
But he would never notice
The wayside blossom sweet,
Which shed its heart's best fragrance
About his careless feet.

And soon the tender flower
Grew sad, and lost its grace,
Yet crept still near, and nearer,
With weary, haggard face.
At length, in careless moment,
Unheeding this sweet trust,
He set his heel upon it,
And crushed it in the dust.

With but small show of pity,
He raised the blighted thing,
And strove some ray of color
Unto its leaves to bring;
And then, with sudden passion,
He tore the flower dim.
Forgiving still, it whispered—
"'Tis sweet to die for him."

One Critic.

A BLUE bird, perched on an apple bough,
Was singing, as well as he knew how,
When all at once the leaves were stirred
By the gay "ha! ha!" of a mocking bird.

"Now, I declare, on a singer's word,
Your notes are the worst I ever heard;
Please listen close," and he mocked them o'er—
"I have laughed at you 'till my throat is sore."

"You heed no rules, either quick or slow;
And your singing is just horrid. Oh!
Don't try again, you will cause my death!
Such tunes as yours, takes away my breath."

The poor blue bird turned a tear-dim eye,
And said with a sob, and a stifled sigh:
"That my songs are poor, sir, 'tis well known,
And yet, my notes are always my own."

"I never stole your favorite note,
As you poured it from your ready throat,
And by subtle twist made it seem to be
Something belonging of right to me."

"So let me sing in my simple way,
There may be one who will like my lay,
Some care-worn heart full of pain, or grief,
To which my singing may give relief."

A Woman's Story.

COME, gentle maiden, sit you here
Beside my knee,
While I teach wisdom, paid for dear,
And you teach me
Of hope and trust, and all things grand
Near the grasp of a maiden's hand.

How young and pure, how fair to see,
Your heart how light;
How quick your pulse, how full and free;
Your eyes, how bright;
Sweet maid, I pray you may not know
The tears that blind in their bitter flow.

Earth's wisdom—yes; my promise—sure,
Did I forget?
Ah! no, sweet child, while I endure
Pangs of regret,
I shall remember earthly lore;
I've conned its story o'er and o'er.

Long years ago, in land somewhere—
Time does not wait—
A home for me was builded fair,
And there in state it stood
Till on the damp'ning wood
The still moths ate
The carpets in the solitude.

How was it? Well, or was it well?
I cannot see;
Nor can I half the story tell
As it should be.
My love—oh, God! I thought him base,
And from him turned an angry face.

There stood the house, and there decay
  Crept round it slow;
I saw it growing damp and gray
  In rain and snow;
And more than this—I saw the trace
Of anguish on my darling's face.

Ah, yes, my love, he soon grew old,
  And gray, and bent;
His heart grew hard, and dull and cold
  With discontent;
While sick with grief forever I
Languished and prayed that I might die.

The hopeless years, so still they move;
  So sullen, slow;
I watch them creep along the groove
  Down which years flow,
And hate them for their dreary pace,
Longing to hide in dust my face.

Now, gentle maid, fair, true and sweet,
  What can you say
Of hope, and love, and trustful faith,
  To me this day?
You dwell so close to heaven's light,
What star for me gleams clear and bright?

Is there no rest for feet that stray?
  Is there no peace?
Is there no beam to guide the way,
  And no release?
Tell me, if aught your clear eyes see,
Of peace, or hope, or rest for me?

My Ship Went Down.

MANY years ago, when the waves were bright
As the peaceful gleam of a clear moonlight,
Looking as calm, and as gently still
As the mirror'd stars in some meadow rill.

I sent a ship, with a pure freight of love,
O'er the silver waves. There were clouds above,
But I gave no heed to the sky's chill frown,
Or thought that my ship could ever go down.

Oh, she sailed away in her tender pride,
And I watched her swift o'er the waters glide,
'Till she passed from view, and a purple gleam,
Like a tinge of blood, obscured the scene.

Then I watched by the waves, and the changing sea
Had only a dull, heavy frown for me,
And I often heard, in the sullen roar
Of the angry waves, "No more, no more!"

At last the long hoped for day did come,
When my precious ship would reach her home,
And away I flew down the yielding sands,
And out o'er the tide reached my eager hands—

Like some happy child, who cannot wait
For the form she sees near the cottage gate:
The form of one, than all the world, more dear,
And she cries for joy, as the form draws near.

Oh, how my ship flew before the gale!
With her canvas spread, aye, every sail
Was stretched in the breeze like the straining cord
That speeds a shaft to the frightened herd.

I called very loud, but my joyful cry
Had a hollow sound, like a sobbing sigh;
And down 'neath the waves, with sudden dip,
Vanished from view my great, white ship.

O! I mourn for the freight so sadly lost,
It was Love, and Trust, of a priceless cost;
Now the world may smile, or the world may frown,
It matters not, since my ship went down.

Philosophy.

THERE is something forever occurring,
At which we may smile or must weep,
As the world, with its rushing and stirring,
Wakes memory out of her sleep.

The summer comes, soothing with showers;
We smile, when a rainbow is spread;
We stoop to caress the bright flowers,
And grasp only thorns in their stead.

We smile, yet we know that the fountain
Of sorrow has never run dry;
And troubles rise up like a mountain,
Gloomy, uncertain and high.

The friends—best beloved—soon forget us;
Or turn weary faces away;
Never more to esteem or regret us,
Though life lingers many a day.

Thus onward through life we are going,
Our days like a river rush by;
We feel their tumultuous flowing
And know that the ocean is nigh.

There is something forever occuring,
At which we may smile or may rave;
A mist o'er the landscape is blurring
That vision before us—the grave.

Fragments.

I'VE harkened, where the silences
Were deep with mist of years;
I've listened, where the echoes told
The dropping of my tears,
My wounded heart so bowed with pain,
Its weight was more than death,
In beating storm, in night, and rain,
I've watched with bated breath,
To see a white-winged messenger
Like Eden's snowy dove:
Fly swift to me, with story sweet,
Of one heart's patient love.

DO not forget that I love you,
Whatever all other may say;
The sun shines serenely above you,
Though clouds may oft darken the way;
And though I shall never be near you,
And ever and ever shall fear you,
Yet still shall my soul often hear you
Speak tenderly, day after day.

TELL me you love me, tell me once more,
The sweet, sacred knowledge my heart will repeat
Like echoes resounding and whispering o'er,
Till happiness kneels like a slave at my feet.

Be not so chary of words; what are they?
What can it matter, if many or few?
Whisper just once, in a low tender way:
"My darling, I love you—love only you."

SOMETHING worthy a woman,
Something dainty and sweet,
A cluster of fragrant blossoms,
Or of golden heads of wheat.
Something quiet and restful,
Something brilliant and gay,
Something worthy of woman,
I would lay at her feet to-day.

I HOLD my hand close pressed upon my heart,
To still its throbbing pain, for well I know
That our paths now forever lie apart.
'Tis written—"Ye shall reap that which ye sow."
The whirlwind of our passion is quite o'er,
The harvest—oh, how bitter—we must reap,
Our life-boats, now, lie stranded on the shore;
Our sever'd hearts must sorrow's vigil keep.

THE burdens of life lie in vague unrest,
And doubts, which stand in such awful array;
We sometimes repeat: "The Father knows best,"
While fear of to-morrow absorbs rest to-day.
What are we? we question: "A handful of dust."
The answer comes back distinctly and clear,
Life's lesson of wisdom is only, *trust*,
We last a moment, a day, or a year.

THE wild tide beats the shore again,
And up from ocean's dark, bleak breast,
Low murmurs come, as if some pain,
Down deep below, broke all its rest.
Sad souls are waiting near the strand,
With aching hearts, and tear-dimmed eyes,
For white-sailed boats that never land,
But drift away toward western skies.

My Friends.

I AM counting them up on my fingers—
There are not very many, I know—
And yet, how fond memory lingers,
And whispers their names, soft and low.

There is Sadie, and Annis and Annie,
And Eva and dear little Bess;
Ah, surely there cannot be many,
Yet more, perhaps, than I guess.

There is Sarah, away in the east-land,
And Marys, perhaps half a score,
And Affa, and Ida, and Emma—
The list may contain many more.

But these are the friends that I count on,
Whatever all others may say;
Their love has grown vast like a mountain,
And they do not grow in a day.

And Carrie, why should I forget her?
One of the dearest and best;
And Hattie, my heart would regret her,
Were she not along with the rest.

And Ollie, where now shall I place her?
Staunch and true was she ever to me;
Forgotten, I never could face her
Yet this is not likely to be.

And Effie, may heaven protect her,
For she is quite dear like the rest,
And never would I dare offend her,
By saying—"I love those the best."

Demure little Della—I wonder
I find the list swelling so great—
One of the best in the number—
Though mentioned so curtly and late.

And Lulu! Well, well, they keep coming,
Sweet bees, to the blossom of mind;
And 'round me are loved voices humming—
Tender, and precious, and kind.

The cold world may try to alarm me
It cannot; my forces I see;
I dare all my foes now to harm me,
While these friends are faithful to me.

Baby Is Sick.

THERE'S a gloom o'er our household, a hush as of death;
Faces look sad, and lips do not smile—
For baby is wrestling with life for a breath,
And we hear the rush of the river the while.

O! the desolate nights, with their burden of pain,
They have brought to her lips a piteous moan,
That we in our anguish have echoed again,
With sorrowful sigh and heart-troubled groan.

So dear, with her sweet baby ways has she been,
So close has she grown to my sorrowful heart,
That e'en though I'm told "such talk is a sin,"
I think it would kill me to tear us apart.

My home—my loved ones—my world—are here,
Surrounded, alas! with perishing walls,
My treasures—*not* "laid up in heaven," I fear—
I do not respond when the All-Father calls;

But cling to my idols, with grasp of despair,
And look not beyond the dark water's chill tide;
Though all is so glorious 'way over there,
I want *my* treasure awhile on this side.

Will Power.

(Suggested by a Remark made by Mrs. ——, at Sweet Springs.)

YOU draw me by the magnet of your mind,
Your spirit calls, and from the distance clear,
My own responds with promptness, and you find,
Through dreary space, the answer, "I am here."

You think of me and I grow ill at ease,
Your thought may be a critical review;
My soul in anguish vainly tries to please,
And be at peace, and pardon seeks from you.

At night, with head upon your pillow, you
Oft meditate about the paths I tread;
And question all my heart's emotions true,
While I must weep and wish that I were dead.

You love me in a strange, impassive way,
Yet woo me only by your mighty will;
And all my being feels the magic sway
Of your strong soul, with passion's nervous thrill.

You are to me more cruel than you know;
My yearning spirit finds no place of rest;
You draw me, as the cord curves to the bow,
And send me sorrow for a constant guest.

You bind me with a thong I cannot break,
Try as I may, and with exhaustless skill.
My soul wears fetters always, for your sake,
And is imprisoned by your strength of will.

Dead.

[Written on the Death of Mrs. S. A. Holmes (*nee* Mrs. Julia Castle—January 11, 1885.]

DEAD! and I saw her only yesterday—
Or so to me it seems—a sunny ray
Of light and love shone o'er her happy face;
And ah, her form was eloquent with grace.

Dead! and cold, frozen shadows darkly rest
Over her fair features, and on her breast
Lie folded hands, which recently were pressed
By friendship's fingers, with a cordial zest.

Dead! withered all the warm-hued hopes that shone
Radiant, like the flowers of orient zone.
Life lambient light is darkened, and now
The beauty of all thought has left her brow.

Where lurks the fiend who wrecked this lovely life?
Where hides the monster who once whispered "wife"
In her fond ear? He whom she thought so brave.
Where is he now? the base deceitful knave.

The sweet young singer bore a wounded heart,
What strength had she to play life's dreary part?
How could she live, when heavy, crushing woe
Swept 'round her path like swirling drifts of snow?

O, you, who have fair daughters, whom you kiss,
Stop the cold breath of scandal's hooded hiss;
Speak kindly of this early sleeping child,
By promises of faithful love beguiled.

Is it not dreadful when the dead must be
Dragged to the bar of such cold charity?
Is it not awful that one creature dare
Profane a sister's plea of "spare her, spare?"

Author of justice! shame these human things
That cavil, while the solemn death-bell rings;
And while the minister low kneels to pray,
Forstalls the sentence of the judgment day.

Dead! aye, she's dead; the tuneful voice is mute,
The chords lie broken on the silver lute.
The lovelight has gone from out those brown eyes
To blend with rays that shine in Paradise.

Too Late.

HARK! I hear an eager footstep!
Open wide the door;
See, he comes, my lord, my lover;
Comes to roam no more.

Trembling lips await his kisses,
Heart beats free and fast;
Can it be? the footstep passes—
Hope is dead at last.

Close the door, and bar the shutters,
These night winds are chill;
Human hearts must learn earth's wisdom,
"Suffer and be still."

Months go by, the same quick footstep,
Sounds along the way;
Doors are locked and windows fastened,
Night and dreary day.

Footsteps pause; then eager knocking
At the garden gate:
Go and say—"the house is vacant,
You have come too late."

Thus it should be, aye, forever;
Scorned, the scorner turns;
Broken faith is mended never,
Ashes fill the urns.

Dead Sea Fruit.

SWEET Marian, like a sun-ray,
Came close to my side, one bright day,
A flush on her innocent face—
Which gave it a prettier grace—
As she asked, her voice like a lute:
"Dear Auntie, what is Dead Sea fruit?"

She waited an answer. Ah, me!
The child should ne'er dream of the sea—
That Dead Sea, so heavy and still;
It gave my own stout heart a chill
To think of its slumbering gloom,
Like breath from the midst of a tomb.

So I said, in a hushed voice, low:
"My love, there are many who know
About the dread fruit of that sea;
I cannot define it to thee,
It's ashes, it's mystical lore.
The sages must tell those tales o'er."

"But ask that lone mother, whose tears
Have fallen, for wearisome years,
Since her only child went astray
And was lost, forever and aye;
Ask her, as she sits sad and mute,
To tell you about Dead Sea fruit."

"Or ask that old man o'er the way,
With bowed head, early turned gray;
Dark clouds like a veil of despair
Seem shutting him out from the air.
He once had a daughter—Ah, well!
Where she is, I never dare tell."

"Go ask that pale woman, whose eyes
Flash out in quick, angry surprise;
She sees her betrayer, all smiles,
Deceiving another with wiles
Learned of Satan. She knows, you see,
How bitter the fruit of that sea."

"Ask those who have known direst woe,
Who have watched the years heavily go,
With heart-sorrows closely concealed,
The wretchedness never revealed
By a word, to a dull mortal ear,
Though anxious friends close bend to hear."

"The wild, sullen wash of the waves,
That foam over heart-hidden graves,
And the sound of the anguish below,
Where dark waters dismally flow.
Ah, God knows how many there be
Who taste of the fruit of that sea."

"Ask those who have shed the most tears,
Whose hair is all gray—not with years—
Whose eyes speak a great sorrow, mute,
And they can define Dead sea fruit.
I pray, (oh, I close clasped the child)
That midst this world's mad revel wild,
Where each heart its own sorrows know,
That never, with dark ebb and flow,
Black despair shall sweep over thee,
Or thou taste the fruit of that sea."

In Memory

(Of Mr. N. Maltby.)

LISTEN! Hear Death's mighty river flowing:
See those toward its dim border going;
Who hath now, the bank stepped over, hiding
'Neath waves, to immortal glory gliding?

Ah, 'tis one whose heart beat nobly ever;
One who wronged the poor and lowly never;
When he heard the voice of sorrow crying,
He responded to its faintest, lowest sighing.

He has gone away from earth and sadness,
To a home where all is peace and gladness;
Leaving friends with anguished hearts aquiver,
Grieving for his loss, this side the river.

Ah, how soon resistless waves will carry
Each true heart across. They e'en may tarry
But a day, amid earth's scenes of sorrow,
And know the bliss of "perfect rest" to-morrow.

A Singer Gone.

(In Memory of P. P. Bliss.)

THERE'S a vacant place in the world's great choir,
A rift in the music, sweet and solemn;
A tuneful flame of masterful fire,
Has missed the power that gave it volumn.

There are saddened hearts throughout all the land,
And joy no more from the lip goes singing,
As we chant the songs from that master-hand,
Those songs which taught us the worth of singing.

Though a star has gone from the sky of song,
The angel choir has an added glory,
For echoing there is his clear voice strong,
In that sacred theme, "The old, old story."

A Love Song.

I HAVE a lover away o'er the sea;
Remote as the poles is my love from me,
Yet, as throbs his true heart, beats my heart too,
And thus I know that my lover is true.

No message or line goes over the wave,
As silent as death, as still as the grave,
The sweet summer air, and chill winter's snow,
'Tween he and I—yet he loves me, I know.

Sometimes I cast on the wave's foamy crest,
A rosebud white, the flower he loves best,
And away it flies, on the billows above,
To where he stands waiting—a message of love.

The sea is so deep, so dark, and so strong,
He never can reach me, all the year long;
The sea is so stormy, and oh, so wide,
I never shall be my true-lover's bride.

But when, some day, to that harbor, his boat
Is wafted away, to restfully float
Where Eden's soft breezes play o'er the sea,
My lover will anchor and wait for me.

Hope.

BLEST star of His love, how sweet is thy gleaming;
How clear is thy light o'er darkening skies;
How fondly I gaze on thy bright beauty, seeming
To give me a glimpse of a near Paradise.

Unseen by the world, thou dost hover above me,
An angel, in robes like the glittering gold;
Though coy, ever coy, I think thou dost love me,
For my heart, e'en in woe, doth thy brightness behold.

The Bitter Speech.

UNKIND, you say? don't tell me pray!
The evil that's afloat to-day,
It drives me to despair.
I would not know these notes of woe,
These slanders flying to and fro,
Like buzzards through the air.

I sure have heard, from some foul bird,
Each unkind speech, each bitter word,
E'er coupled with my name.
So let this tale go on the gale,
Roll, rave and sigh, howl, moan and wail,
'Twill soon be all the same

To me. Ah! must you tell? well! well!
Fast weave around the shallott spell,
I'll try to be resigned.
The tale impart; bruise, break my heart,
Let fly the deadly, poisoned dart,
And free your anxious mind.

When shall I rest, with pulseless breast,
Where no malicious, unctuous guest
Can bring unpleasant news?
With trait'rous smile, so full of guile,
And lips worse than the lazy Nile,
Reeking with satan's ooze.

There yet must be in store for me,
A blissful Lethean destiny,
Where soon—alas! or late,
No tongue of fire, with venom dire
Surcharged, can on me vent its ire,
And pour its honeyed hate.

To A Caviler.

WHEN friendship speaks, I always answer "here!"
What God commands, I meekly strive to do;
But never yet, has any mortal fear
Compelled me—boasting man—to answer you.

This path is mine; if full of thorns it be,
I walk it, as in very truth I should;
It is the way my Father planned for me,
And so—*for me*—I know the path is good.

You question in mere human carelessness,
And cavil, often thinking only ill;
I listen to the tender blissfulness
Of other tones, until your voice is still.

The swaying pine sighs all the year along;
The willows, near the marsh, do not upbraid;
This way is mine, my own this simple song,
And I will sing it, bold and unafraid.

My Sister.

OH! sister, from the spirit land,
Dost thou look out and see us here?
Dost sometimes note the little band
Grieving for thee, year after year.
We miss thee—oh, the heart's unrest!
Our only comfort: thou art blest.

My gentle sister—strange it is—
We never knew thy patient heart
Until it broke. Such grief is this,
To say, 'twas best that we should part.
How often would I fain pass o'er
And join thee on that other shore.

And stand a moment by thy side,
If then to turn from thee away;
Shall not we near thee soon abide,
In fairer land, in brighter day?
Sweet sister mine, no heart doth know
How oft my thoughts toward thee go.

Gratitude.

LONG years ago, when life was young,
Care-free, and full of hope for me,
I kissed a child, who sweetly sung
Before my door; and recently
The child returned—a child no more—
And sought my humble cottage door.

He sang again, as once before,
Swept harp-chords with a gentle touch
That reached my heart, and moved it much.
Not now in threadbare garments; he
Stood proudly, and most gracefully
Said: "Once you kissed me, long ago—
It was a little act I know—
But all these years that tender kiss
Kept in my heart a dream of bliss."

"My mother" (here a tear drop fell)
"Died years ago, I mind it well,
And from that hour no lips met mine,
Until they felt that kiss of thine;
And I have journeyed far and long,
To thank you in a simple song."
He bent his head, and went away.
Nor have I seen him from that day;
And yet it is beatitude
To think, *one* heart feels gratitude.

A Lover.

I HAVE a lover—you may not believe it!
A lover fond, tender and true;
He offered his love, I, glad to receive it,
Thought surely it must be my due.

But times rolls away, the leaves have grown serer,
My hair is fast changing to white;
And so, with surprise, I find myself nearer
The heart of my lover, to-night.

He shields me from danger; he stands close beside me,
No matter what others may say,
In sorrow still near me, when evils betide me,
I have a true lover to-day.

I laugh at the world, secure in the shelter
Of love's arms, so tenderly prest,
Foes may alarm me, and then fast I skelter
Home to my true lover's breast.

Marah.

"*The Waters of Marah Were Bitter.*"

[Ex., 15 Ch., 23d Ver.]

O'ER floods of grief, dark, dismal, deep,
Some have passed to the other side—
Climed rough rocks, up the hillside steep,
There from the woes of earth to hide.

Some have walked through the sullen flood,
Keeping pace with a weary tread,
Through surging waves, all stained with blood,
And wild storms beating about their head.

The waves of woe are bitter; aye,
  Our hearts grow chill in this dread whirl—
Moan, and shrink, and weep, and pray,
  And struggle out from the seething swirl.

Struggle up from the murk and gloom,
  Into the light of heaven's sun;
And fall at last into the tomb,
  Glad that the toil of life is done.

Growing Old.

"Do you know what it is to grow Old?"

WHAT is it pray? I do not know;
  I have no fears which trouble me;
What matters it how old we grow?
  Fate weaves for us our destiny.

I see my hair turns white, like snow,
  My eyes get dimmer every day,
My footsteps falter, and more slow;
  Less stately, too, I take my way.

I watched the fresh spring leaves turn sere;
  I see them shudder, sigh, and fall;
There comes a winter to each year;
  I note these things, and that is all.

Sure, never we our lives have planned!
  Why not be passive, like the leaf;
We're fashioned by the same strong hand,
  Why should we, more than they, feel grief?

My time to fade has come, 'tis true;
  'Tis true such time must come to all;
I do not grieve, but simply view
  Myself, a leaf about to fall.

Had I Wings.

OH, had I strong wings like the eagle,
I'd fly to the high mountain land,
And build on the summit an eyrie,
Beyond human eyesight and hand.

For I'm weary of life and its heart-aches,
I am tired, and never find rest;
In sight of these sad human heart-breaks,
The home of the eagle were best.

Oh, had I great wings, like the condor,
I'd sail o'er the weird, lonely sea,
In strange desert lands would I wander,
Where no human soul could I see.

I grow so impatient with waiting
For peace which ne'er yet have I known,
And the things I have loved now are sating;
Far better the wild sea-bird's home.

I would fly, all alone, o'er the mountain,
Or dip my strong wings in the sea,
And plunge in the cataract's fountain
With the glad, reckless life of the free.

The fetters of life chafe and fret me—
I hate all its isms and lies,
Which bind me with chains, nor will let me
From earth's mire and misery rise.

Suspended.

"'TWAS only a newspaper—so men said—
A venture ended, a newspaper dead.
Thus they chatted on in a careless way,
Saying that papers were failing each day;
But they little thought of the hope and pride,
Wrecked and crushed when the newspaper died.

And they did not think of the aims so high,
Nor of aspirations bright as the sky,
And they never dreamed of the pain and woe
That filled one heart when the paper must go.
For 'tis never known in the world of men,
What agony haunts a poor editor's den.

His paper he viewed with a father's pride,
And loved it as men do their chosen bride.
For its life and weal he had toiled when, still
Lay the sleeping world, like a frozen rill.
He had studied and delved for a sentence new,
That would shine with the lustre of sun-touched dew.

And his thoughts soared off on the wings of bliss,
And his smile grew soft, like an angel's kiss,
When the printed sheet of his own command,
He first had held in his eager hand;
And his bosom thrilled with a touch of pride,
When he saw perfection on every side.

And his heart grew light—for his faith was strong—
As the waves of the sea when they dash along.
But clouds came over his summer sky,
And the chilling winds of doubt swept by.
And the editor's cheek grew wan and pale,
For he felt that his newspaper might fail.

Yet he toiled away, and the world—for him—
Meant four dingy walls of an office dim,
With windows small—and a dusty floor—
And a broken hinge on a creaking door;
And he thought of the old-time martyrs, when
He climbed the stairs of his dreary den.

He had struggled bravely, without avail,
For now the paper was going to fail.
The printers struck, and the harsh blow broke
The editor's heart, with the force of its stroke.
He yielded at last—every resource ended—
And wrote this sad epitaph: "Paper Suspended."

Only a newspaper? Aye, there was more,
Of heart-ache and grief than ever before
Found place in a life; and the editor wept
Sad, silent tears, while the careless world slept.
Only a newspaper! Yet, with its life,
Went hope, and ambition, and strength, and all strife;
And there, like the blood on a battle-field red,
An editor's great aspirations lay dead.

Then and Now.

I LOVED you once—'t was long ago—
With pure affection, tender;
I loved you—aye, too well, I know,
The love my heart could render.
I loved you—why? pray can you say?
I've looked the wide world over,
And think my brain was daft that day,
In choosing such a lover.

I chose you, and I loved you then,
With wealth of honest passion;
And yet, you were, of all the men,
The meanest, poorest fashion.
You were not good, nor brave, nor true;
You were not even handsome;
And yet—strange freak—my love for you
No gift of fate could ransom.

'T was not your gold I cared for, no!
Had you been poor and hated,
My love had been more strong, I know,
More firm and unabated.
Ah, well? 't was long and long ago—
A girl is scarcely human;
I laugh that love to scorn—for know
The girl is now a woman.

A woman! And from clear, strong eyes,
She looks on you with sorrow,
As something she must still despise
Though you should die to-morrow.
From heights of scorn she looks on you,
A wretched, pigmy creature—
Small, mean and dwarfed your heart does view
And loathes its every feature.

And wonder, now, how it could be
That she could once adore you,
And smiles to think of love so true
Thus casting pearls before you.
This life must pass; I wonder how
You'll bear a day, now near us,
With glare of judgment on your brow,
And only God to hear us.

No sneering smile will serve you then;
No lie can you discover
To aid you, for the deeds of men
Are bare. You were my lover.
I loved you—Oh, the burning shame!
The wretched, wild devotion!
And *now* despise your very name
With all my heart's emotion.

You were, to girlhood's eyes, a god!
The angels scarce above you.
The woman sees you just a clod,
And could not, *would not*, love you.

Only Sleeping.

[Written on the death of little Florence Gold, and Dedicated to her Parents.]

THERE is a form divine, all other forms excelling;
There is a radiant light, all other rays dispelling,
Which near your darling one, is loving watch now keeping;
And speaks to you these words: "She is not dead—but sleeping."

Life's way is very short, the mystic veil is near you;
Hush sorrow's dismal voice, an angel ear may hear you;
E'en while in anguish deep, your hearts dissolve in weeping,
Forget not that sweet voice, which tells you: "She is sleeping."

How soon, o'er Death's dark tide, your boat may go, swift sailing,
To land where joys abide, and where there is no wailing;
Your loved one safe is there, in His own careful keeping;
And you will say with joy: "She was not dead but sleeping."

Her All.

MEN have the wide world before them,
They choose what profession they will,
And mix in the strife of battle,
And fight with precision and skill.

But woman has only her virtue,
Be she maiden, or widow, or wife,
And this she should guard from corruption,
If need be—by giving her life.

Men love like the simoon, which withers
The life of the sweet forest trees,
Oft times. So be guarded, O, woman!
From passions unholy like these.

For woman has only her virtue—
This gone, she is like the lost souls
That have passed the dark gates of perdition,
Where fierce flame eternally rolls.

Men's love is, alas! oft a passion,
Unworthy his manhood; impure
As the death-breeding branch of the upas,
Whose poison no doctor can cure.

A woman has only her virtue,
But O, the sweet knowledge of this
Makes her brave, and endows her with courage,
And gives her a feeling of bliss!

Saved By Grace.

[From an Incident which occurred at the Union Service at the Ohio Street Methodist Church.]

SHE was old and bowed, and her hair was white,
But her face was sweet, with its smile of love,
And I watched her there in the mellow light,
And thought of the peace we shall find above.
She stood in her place, and the house grew still,
And curious eyes sought her white, worn face,
As she, in a voice of tremulous thrill,
Spoke soft and low of the Master's grace.

She did not do right, but was sure she tried
To live in the ways of a Christ-taught love;
All self-exaltation she put aside,
And trusted her cause to the One above.
I listened, and tears sprang into my eyes,
For this was the talk of a Christian true,
The spirit of faith, and of sacrifice,
With all self-righteousness hidden from view.

I had harkened before to the voice of those
Who lived without sin, and who boasted loud
Of their spirit's grace, and their soul's repose,
And their patent of righteousness, self endowed.
But this tender heart had, for fifty years,
Trusted and prayed, in a quiet way,
And "tried to do right" in this vale of tears,
Yet had not of "holiness" one word to say.

"Have mercy," the cry of the publican old,
Is all that the best of us ought to plead;
The Pharisee's call, "behold me, behold,"
Is threadbare, and shows only weakness and need.

Despair.

AH! There is many a dark hour,
When the spirit weeps alone;
Many a sad Gethsemane,
Where sorrow makes her moan,
The scoffer scoffs, and mockers mock;
What does it matter there?
Can these a wounded spirit shock,
Which only feels despair?

The sneers, and jibes, and jests of man,
Too high, or low, they fall,
To touch the heart with anguish dumb,
Neath sorrow's heavy pall.
The world laughs out its careless laugh,
Plays on its tiresome game,
While some the cup of sadness quaff,
Nor heed its praise or blame.

Take the great, heartless, pulseless world,
And press it to your breast;
With gayest banners all unfurled,
Pray, can it give you rest?
Fame, and gold, all earthly things;
Strive, win the highest cast;
Sit near the throne of queens and kings,
Then die, unblest at last.

Weary.

I MAY be wrong, but it seems to me
That the rippling wash of the Gallilee,
As the whispering winds stir its silver breast,
Would soothe my soul to a sacred rest.

I often think, far better for me,
The rest which will last through eternity,
Than all its glories, its crowns, and palms,
That are worn and born by holier hands.

I'm weary of pomp, and of earthly strife,
It seems that, beyond, in the other life,
A something of this, just its glare and din,
With the harping, and palms, would enter in.

And sometimes I've dared to earnestly pray
For future rest, and to solemnly say,
"The glittering walls of the golden street
Would weary my eyes, and tire my feet."

One knoweth all hearts who will judge us fair!
And may be, when we have gone over there,
We shall leave our weariness all this side,
And with His wisdom be satisfied.

Words and Deeds.

WORDS, though high sounding, are empty,
They cost little effort to gain:
But deeds bind up broken life-chords,
And ease a heart's burden of pain.

"I love you," to say this, how easy;
Deeds alone prove the worth of the words;
"I'm sorry," no effort this costs you,
'Tis free as the singing of birds.

Words e'er may be justly distrusted
When deeds do not prove them quite true;
And though one repeats oft "I love you,"
Grave doubts may come sadly in view.

Deeds help when the heart is in anguish,
Deeds aid when the mind is oppressed;
Deeds give when mere words cry "so sorry,"
Deeds always relieve the distressed.

White Sails.

O TELL me, friend—your eyes are clearer,
Younger, brighter far than mine—
If the white-sailed boat draws nearer
From the far off Eden clime?

Through this mist of tears, I'm trying
To look out across the wave,
And to see the pennons flying
From the mast-head, proud and brave.

I am weary from much weeping,
And the boat seems drifting slow,
While long vigil I am keeping,
Where the shadows linger so.

Once I thought this world a heaven;
Once I saw bright flowers grow,
But they withered, and my Eden
Changed to graves beneath the snow.

Tell me, friend—you who have pity
For the wild bird's mournful note,
Can you see the mystic city,
Where the white-sailed barges float?

Do you think they soon are coming,
O'er the foam-capped silver sea?
Will they hear a sad voice humming
On the winds, and stop for me?

You can tell them how I'm weeping,
Near the shore, so blind with tears,
That the white sail I am seeking
Never to my view appears.

Tell them to make haste, and find me,
Tell them how I long to go,
And this world leave far behind me,
With its deary pain and woe.

July 4th, 1885.

I WONDER how many will think, to-day.
Of Valley Forge, of Bunker Hill;
Of Washington, kneeling in snow to pray,
There, in the dark woods, gray and chill?

I wonder if any one thinks, just now,
Of a patriot's grave, somewhere in our land,
Where lies the dust of a noble man's brow,
And the ashes white, of his once strong hand.

There were savage foes, and traitorous friends,
Privations and agony seldom known,
Men were striving for all this day portends;
Yet how many think of the seeds then sown.

The harvest we reap is plenty, and peace;
These cities, and towns, and broad acres of grain;
A nation, from tyranny given release,
All were bought with the blood of brave men slain.

Then let the "bonnie blue flag" float free,
Over every house in all this land;
And let the scepter of Liberty,
Be borne aloft by each trusty hand.

Our children's children must never forget,
How fared the brave hearts, which bled for them;
And we, 'till the last glowing sun shall set,
Will tell this history over again.

Deceit.

THE azure of a cloudless sky,
Is mirrored where white lilies lie;
The placid calm of forest stream
Is soft, as fancies of a dream.
Yet down below is ooze, and slime,
And vile things, in the mud and grime;
Sweetly the smile on dainty lips,
Suggests the bloom where wild bee sips.

The tender light of beauty's eye
Suggests a dell where daisies sigh.
Yet in the heart are creeping things,
Venomous, and with poison stings,
That hide away within the gloom,
Like charnel worms in some old tomb.
Deceit rules monarch of the place;
And lurks 'neath smiles, on beauty's face.

She Loved Him.

SHE loved him—alas! with a woman's love,
A mingling sweet of passion and pain,
Her heart went out like a snow-white dove;
Wounded and black, it returned again.

She loved him—alas! He had wooed so well
That her life was his; and there, in his hand
He held a poor heart that rose and fell,
As he, in his careless way, might command.

She loved him—alas! So her's was the sin;
The world saw no stain on his garments white,
Her life was lost in the whirlpool's din:
He danced with the best at the ball, last night.

Lines

[Written in Memory of Little Lucy Dalby.]

TRUE, she has gone to other scenes,
No more can pain her footsteps trace;
Close to the Master's heart, she leans,
And knows that heart's infinite grace.

Peace broods with white wings where she walks,
And Love is near her always now,
With angel hands she moves and talks,
The light of Eden on her brow.

Transplanted from a world of grief,
Like a sweet flower, she blooms above,
Where sorrow's frost ne'er scars a leaf,
And where the atmosphere is love.

No breath of sin touched her young life;
Pure as the angels she went home,
And waits, away from human strife,
For parents dear, and friends, to come.

Our loved ones are not lost—ah, no!
Saved are they from all grief, and pain;
From sin, from suffering and woe.
Who would recall them here, again?

The Singer.

WE did not heed his simple song,
When thro' the air 't was ringing;
We did not pause, but passed along
As if we heard no singing.

And yet he sung—it was his right—
A tuneful throat was given;
And so he sent, with all his might,
His music up to heaven.

He piped of birds, of trees, of flowers;
Such common things, forever,
He sometimes sung of summer showers,
But of great battles—never.

We always scoffed the little lay,
We did not care to hear him,
And often wished him far away—
Quite vexed to be so near him.

But ah! one day his voice was mute;
We felt a thrill of sorrow,
And missed the notes, like tender lute,
For many a sad to-morrow.

And thus oft times, in life's dull ways,
We will not see the pleasure,
Low hiding in these simple lays,
Until time steals the treasure.

For You.

DOES any one watch your coming,
When day, with its labor is o'er?
Is there any face at the window,
Or peeping thro' half open door?

Do any white arms cling about you?
Or any warm lips press your own?
Of one who could not live without you
Who sighs for your presence alone?

If 'tis so, you are blest, oh, brother,
Tho' toil lays a tribute of care,
A wearisome burden, and heavy—
You have one your burdens to share.

And you know in this world, so dreary,
There beats *one* heart forever quite true;
That feels all the pain, when you sorrow,
And throbs on with love *just for you.*

To Mrs. H. M. W.

[Of Warrensburg, Mo.]

AMONG the list of faithful friends,
Thy name stands true, and tried,
Not one is higher on the roll,
Or nearer to my side.

Thy noble heart greets friendship's trust
With warmer beat than some,
And on our record is no rust,
Where doubt has ever come.

No sister now is left to me;
And yet thy spirit's grace
Is such, that with affection free,
You fill a sister's place.

Your gentle heart throbs tenderly
And I almost forget
When thinking of thy love, and thee,
My sister to regret.

'Tis many a year since first we pledged
Our fealty for a test,
And I have never spurned the trust
Or loved another best.

As Damon was to Pythias,
So thou hast been to me,
And naught has e'er yet severed us,
Or turned my heart from thee

"Twin sisters," have we often said,
In sportive jest and play,
Yet "women cannot love"—'tis said
By men—as well as they.

We prove the falseness of the charge,
As others oft have done,
For women have most loyal hearts,
E'er found 'neath heaven's sun.

A Picture.

I HAVE on my wall, a picture,
Of a lady, very fair,
With a smile, such as happy children
Are ever wont to wear;
Though her brow is seamed with wrinkles,
And snow-white her silken hair.

She sits in a low, deep rocker,
With a Bible in her hand,
And she wears soft, filmy laces,
And a cap of ribbon band;
And she is, I think, the sweetest,
Fairest lady in the land.

Her life is full of holiness,
All the lowly love her name;
They find her—when in deep distress—
Find her always, just the same;
With many words of comforting,
But ne'er a word of blame.

I have known her years, and loved her,
But, alas! the time draws near,
When she must go away from us,
To a better, brighter sphere;
Where the frost of dreary winters,
Never turn the green leaves sere.

I think you will know this picture,
With its simple, child-like grace;
E'en though I have but poorly drawn
The lines of her sweet face,
Which beams with smile so tender,
From below a cap of lace.

When these weary days are ended,
  When low sinks the evening sun;
And our night of earth is blended,
  With the glorious rising sun;
May we each, like Grandma Kullmer,
  Hear some kind voice say: "Well done."

Something Cheerful.

YOU tell me to write "something cheerful,"
  To please you I vainly essay;
But days dismal, lonely and tearful,
  O'ershadow my saddened pathway.

If you can create, from the ashes,
  A heart for me, tender and new,
I will write you the cheeriest poem,
  Of things ever faithful and true.

But a bird, with its wings torn and bleeding,
  Feels only the throbbing of pain;
While far toward the sky, fast receding,
  The lark trills a joyous refrain.

The wounded bird hides in the bushes,
  And pipes out its weary complaint;
'Till somebody frightens, and hushes,
  These sad notes so mournful and faint.

The sorrows of life, which have cost me
  Such pangs, as the lost spirits know;
The tempests and storms which have tossed me,
  And left me a wreck here below.

Oh, friend! If you these can send flying
  Away, on some lethean wave,
I can write cheerful songs without trying;
  Songs noble, and restful, and brave.

A Broken Shell.

I HAVE heard that 'tis an omen
Evil, if we break
Any trifle given only
For sweet friendship's sake.

Thinking thus, I view the fragments
Of this pretty shell,
Saying to my heart, "'t is over—
Friendship's holy spell."

And I whisper, "life has sunshine,
Yet the storm must come;
Trusting hearts know deepest sorrow,
Shadow follows sun."

Looking at this ruined treasure,
In a helpless way,
I am lost, and walk the sea strand
As on that bright day.

And again, I hear the white waves
Break against the shore;
And your voice is heard in whisper
Through the wild waves' roar.

You are saying, oh, so gently:
"Keep the shell alway;
As a small, but dear memento,
Of this blissful day."

Now I wake and see these fragments,
Knowing all is o'er,
And that friendship now is severed,
Aye, forever more.

And I hear a mournful sighing:
Is it wounded faith?
Or sweet friendship, slowly dying,
Or dead friendship's wraith?

To My Daughter.

LISTEN, my daughter, cease weeping;
The lessons of life you must learn;
Be brave, in the truth ever keeping,
Though heart oft with anguish may burn.

'Tis better to suffer much sorrow,
Than herd with the base and the low,
Though sunshine defer its to-morrow,
And happiness comes very slow.

You weep, and I grieve with you ever,
My pathway through life's marked with tears,
I would shield you from anguish forever,
But honor must never know fears.

Remember, my child, that your mother,
Would rather herself close her eyes,
Than that you the truth should e'er smother,
For ever so costly a prize.

Never care for the blame of a rabble,
Whose hats would go up any day,
For the popular side of the babble,
No matter what justice might say.

Listen, my daughter, cease weeping,
I hear the low moan of the waves,
Of a sea rolling onward forever,
Forever o'er newly made graves.

In Memoriam.

[Dedicated to Mrs. S. J. Sturdevant, of Scottsville, Wyoming County, Pa.]

YOU tell me your Charlie has left you;
Has crossed the dark river, so chill;
And you mourn since grim Death has bereft you,
With heart-pain that never is still.

Your first-born—your eldest, you tell me,
In words that are sadder than tears;
And I can, in sympathy, send you
No comforting thought; for the years

Run heavy and chill, and the sorrow
Of earth is a wearisome pain.
Clouds lower to-day, yet to-morrow
We may have the sunshine again.

There's a path leading up from the river,
Away on the other shore,
And those walking there feel no shiver
Of heart-ache, or pain, evermore.

This thought is most surely a blessing—
Even death is a boon in disguise.
Cease, mother, your tears, so distressing,
And turn toward heaven, your eyes.

There is peace! There is joy! Aye, forever!
Sad mother, look up! Trust the Lord!
Trust the promise of one who has never
Yet broken his Infinite Word.

After Twenty Years.

"Tell —— that her Handwriting is still Visible on the Walls of the Old Home, After Twenty Years."—*Extract From a Letter.*

O CAN it be so long ago,
And is this hand the same,
Which pencils now these tear-stained lines,
That wrote there then a name?

Is life so cold, and dull a thing?
Do sorrows so abound
That we forget the merry spring
With flowers all around?

Your letter takes me back again;
I am a child once more;
I see again the forest lane,
The Susquehanna's shore;

And all the old-time happiness
Comes, as a ghost long dead,
To bring me not a sweet caress—
But sorrow's crown instead.

I see the girls—sweet Etta S.,
Bright Kate, dear "Little Em,"
Each formed, some loving heart to bless,
Yet Death has taken them.

Why is it said that men forget
The love of early years?
I know your heart is tender yet,
Your eyes oft filled with tears.

For that sweet girl, so snatched away
From near the altar's side—
Taken, almost the very day,
She would have been your bride.

You've bought the dear old farm, you say,
My grandsire toiled to own;
It should have held our name to-day—
It should have been the home

Of child or grandchild; woe is me!
The heavy blight which came
To us, was wrath—do you not see—
We sold it from the name.

The Asa S.—fifth in the line
From grandsire's day to ours;
Born in Missouri's changeful clime,
Should dwell amid those bowers.

Alas! we sold the sacred spot,
And father's resting-place
Is here 'mong strangers, half forgot.
'Tis shame and sore disgrace.

They're resting there, parents and all
Their sons, save father dear,
And one, just one, who still survives—
Dear friend, forgive this tear.

It is not that I blame or chide;
No fault was there, I own;
And yet my grief I cannot hide,
When thinking of that home.

Your letter brings the past to me,
From out the distant years,
It brings the changeless destiny
And sorrow's fruitless tears.

Disquiet.

WE rail at the things which are,
From the unquietness within;
The world must be all ajar,
Because we are full of sin.

We heed not the sweet, clear lake,
And for the broad ocean cry;
We leave the cold spring to slake
Our thirst in a stream rushing by.

The gems that we have are not
The jewels we wish to wear;
The love, all our own, is naught,
We spurn it, with little care.

And thus, forever unblest,
We go our various ways,
And never know peace nor rest,
To the end of our wretched days.

Trust.

WHEN the evening shadows lengthen, and the stars
Low mingle 'mid the lakelet's silver bars;
When the apple blossoms bend,
And their sweetest fragrance send
On the south-wind's fluttering wing to me, afar,
O, then I think of you,
And deem you fondly true,
No matter where within the world you are.

When the morning sunlight brightens, and I stand
Where the blue summer skylight tints the land;
When the song-birds twitter low,
And the early roses blow
Sweeter fragrance o'er the em'rald meadow heath;
O, then I think of you,
And deem you fond and true,
Though silence rests between us, still as death.

The Pitying Angel.

["This is a Hard World for Girls."—*Martin Luther.*]

THERE is an angel passing thro' the land—
A pitying angel, as I understand—
Who, in his arms oft clasps and bears away
Our darlings, to a fairer, brighter day.

He steps within the humble cottage door,
And scans the tender nestlings o'er and o'er.
The sweetest, and the fairest, claims he then,
And bears her swift away from haunts of men.

He does not scorn a mansion, full of light,
But visits scenes of dazzling splendor bright,
And recently a fair, angelic child
He took away—as sweet a one as ever smiled.

The mother in the cottage, weeps sad tears;
The mother in the mansion would give years
Of earthly glory, pomp and selfish pride,
To have in health a little girl who died.

O, mother in the cottage, dry your eyes;
What could you give your child of Paradise?
What promise held you of her happiness?
Better for her Azrael's dread caress.

O, mother in the mansion, do not weep;
The hour draws near when you must coldly sleep.
Is it not better for your tears to fall
On her sweet face, than her's to damp your pall?

Poor, saddened mothers! For your pain I weep;
I, mine own night-long anguish vigils keep—
Yet I rejoice, because I truly know,
Your precious ones can never suffer so.

This world, which is a most deceitful thing,
And wounds our hearts, can ne'er one tear-drop bring
To those sweet eyes, as bright as gleaming stars;
No shadow ever Heaven's brightness mars.

May Christ's sweet pity comfort you and yours;
The pain will last while pulse and life endures;
But still remember, for your child, 'tis best—
Eternal freedom, peace, and perfect rest.

Thy Will Be Done.

LISTENING, with attentive ear,
Unheeding discord—ever near—
Some say 'tis fancy—yet I hear
A loving voice.

It seems to come from everywhere;
I hearken here, and listen there,
While still it sighs along the air,
And I rejoice.

A tone so sweet was never heard
From throat of mortal, or of bird,
And oft I catch a tender word,
But just a breath.

It tells me of the strangest things,
Of other lands—a land of kings,
And bids me, in a tone that rings,
To think of Death.

And so I think, and dream, alway
Of fairer skies, and brighter day,
Until I almost catch a ray
Of Eden's Sun.

But when I murmur, or despair,
I hear that soft voice everywhere,
Whispering o'er and o'er this prayer:
"Thy will be done."

To Idyll.

YOU ask me to act as your critic?
You sure cannot mean what you say!
You, who sail o'er the broad ocean,
To one who but knows the still bay.

The wren cannot fly with the condor,
The wild blossoms, growing 'neath trees,
Can see with great wide eyes of wonder,
Magnolias swing in the breeze.

Your muse has the true step and measure,
While mine still goes halting along;
A few friends say, for my pleasure:
"I was really quite charmed with your song."

The moon's pale reflection on water,
Is never so bright, or so strong,
As the moon shining high—fair daughter—
You will wait for my fault-finding long.

Unreconciled.

LEAVE me alone, with my sorrow,
The wild winds of winter may moan,
And I shall be better, to-morrow—
I pray you to leave me alone.

Leave me alone with my sorrow,
You know not, for how should you know,
The pain of the poor wounded sparrow?
'Tis as dumb as I, in my woe.

Leave me alone with my sorrow,
I ask not for pity nor care,
For words—which my woes do but harrow—
I have not one trouble to share.

Leave me alone with my sorrow,
My griefs are my own, as you see;
And I shall be better to-morrow,
And then you can speak unto me.

Offended.

I WONDER, if it still will matter,
As the years go floating by,
Whether you were pleased, or angry?
Whether glad or sorry, I?

You were angry at a trifle,
I was proud, and did not care;
So we passed, and were as strangers—
Never greeting, anywhere.

I think, sometimes, of the future,
And can see the coffin lid,
And below are frozen faces,
'Neath the linen napkins hid.

But I cannot speak. I will not.
Pride, my lips has sealed quite dumb;
For I think your causeless anger,
From your own dark thoughts has come.

I shall go my way in silence,
And forget you in a year;
E'en your form, and face—each feature—
Which I once had held so dear.

This, the last thought I shall give you,
Though the last, I truly know,
You were wrong to let a trifle
Burn your heart, and vex you so.

Uncle Damon.

[In Memoriam.]

SITTING where the twilight shadows,
Purple toward the glowing west;
I have read that "Uncle Damon
Knows the bliss of perfect rest."

Read the words, with tear drops falling—
Not for him the tears, sad flow,
But the past and future, calling,
Conflict and confuse me so.

"Uncle Damon!" I remember
His kind face and gentle ways;
And his mild voice, low and tender,
Haunts me from the far off days.

Last of that large band of brothers,
Last of all the band, save one;
And she, too, will join the others,
Ere a score of years have run.

Thus it is, and was forever—
Dear ones come, and loved ones go,
Death, the firmest bands will sever;
Life goes like a river's flow.

Soon forgotten, with our fathers,
We, who fret and sorrow now—
Will be resting in some valley,
With the heaped earth o'er our brow.

At Rest.

[In Memory of little Leo Howard.]

LITTLE Leo is at rest,
And with angels singing;
In the chorus of the blest,
Is her sweet voice ringing.

Little Leo—loving, fair—
  Friends will sadly miss her;
It is better for her, there
  Where the angels kiss her.

Little Leo—tears will fall,
  For I knew and loved her;
Resting 'neath a sombre pall
  With the sky above her.

Little Leo—no, ah, no!
  Skies are far below her,
And she hears the Jordan flow,
  With no dark clouds o'er her.

Plant white roses on her grave,
  We must not forget her;
Tears will oft the blossoms lave—
  Much shall we regret her.

Little Leo is at rest,
  We shall mourn and miss her;
Yet for her, 'tis surely best—
  Home, where angels kiss her.

The Reason.

YOU question: Why write I "so sadly?"
  You say I have joy, and am blest.
Ah, yes, as the world sees, my burdens
  Are light, and I should have rest.

Did you ever walk out in the forest—
  To the pine woods, deep, dismal and dark?
With the shadows eternally over,
  And all the weird loneliness mark?

You see, there is never a blossom
  Because of the shadowy gloom:
Not a leaflet, or blade, springing upward—
  All dead, as the dead in a tomb.

Well, one day, before the chill shadows
  Drove sunshine away from the sod,
There were flowers of wond'rous beauty,
  Lifting bright faces to God.

But the shadows crept over and killed them,
  So only the sighing of pine
Is heard in the dismal old forest.
  Now read you this symbol of mine?

"The sorrows are past;" Aye, I grant you,
  But their traces will ever remain;
And thus, 'neath the chords, there is always
  The sad under-current of pain.

Sundered.

YOU can never regain what you've lost;
  Your life from my service is free;
I've counted the weal and the cost,
  And find you are nothing to me.

There was a time when a word, a look,
  Sent rapturous thrill through my heart;
My love could be read as a book,
  But now we have drifted apart.

It was not, perhaps, by neglect,
  Nor was it by dark anger's frown,
Yet someway I ceased to expect
  From Love, either blessing or crown.

It was a mistake. That is all!
  Mistakes have occurred oft before;
My heart has turned bitter, like gall;
  Its passion forever is o'er.

Our paths—now divided—still run
  In parallel lines, wide apart,
Yours warm with the glow of the sun,
  Mine bleak with the gloom in my heart.

Good-bye! God speed your career!
May your life never know weary pain;
I can yet wish you this, though 'tis clear,
I never can greet you again.

Answer to a Letter.

CAN it be true that words of mine
Sound "brave, and strong, and bold,"
That, when you read "each rhythmic line,
Your courage takes new hold?"
O, friend of mine; you do not know
How sorrows ebb, how sorrows flow.

I'm brave! Ah, yes, I think 'tis true;
This world to me has done all ill,
And brought all pain it e'er can bring,
And now my heart is calm, and still;
And I can face with placid brow,
The wildest storms ofanguish now.

Why should we cower, shrink, or quail?
Why should we weep, when tears are vain?
Is it not best to face the gale?
In cowardice, where is the gain?
This world will crush, with cruel tread,
The victim low, who bows his head.

If words of mine have done you good,
How glad am I those words were said;
There should be strength in womanhood,
There should be courage, without dread.
The sweetest promises of heaven,
And best, are unto woman given.

Memorial.

THE leaves are turning sere again;
Another year has gone;
The sky weeps chilling drops of rain
Upon the sodden lawn.

There is no melody of birds;
No flowers are blooming bright;
The very trees speak woeful words,
To the cold autumn night.

The dreary landscape seems oppressed,
The earth looks bleak and bare;
Quite empty hangs the wild bird's nest;
No trace of life is there.

And empty is the cradle bed,
Where once a little child
Rolled restlessly its pretty head,
And in sweet beauty smiled.

A grave now holds that little one,
A dark grave, lone and deep,
And on it shines the autumn sun,
And wild storms 'round it weep.

She was our treasure; oh, the pain,
Those heavy days do give;
We live our sorrows o'er again,
And wonder how we live.

For when the heart feels bitter woe,
The days should all be fair;
Else Time goes on with foot-steps slow,
And with him walks Despair.

We know our dead are sleeping well;
We know they are at rest,
And yet what pen the grief can tell,
Which fills our aching breast.

Questions.

DO you think, if I stood by your side to-day,
And nestled my hand in your own,
While the shadows were stealing, heavy and gray,
To where we stood, silent alone,
You would ever unsay the harsh things you said,
Or believe you had done me wrong?
My eyes are dim with tears unshed,
And my heart aches all day long.

Do you think you would ever kiss me again,
In the passionate way, as of old?
Or smooth from my brow the shadow of pain,
And whisper the vows oft told?
I am weary to-day, and I long to rest
My head on your breast once more,
And to hear you say, "I love you best,"
As you did in day of yore.

But I forget how the chill years run,
Between your life and my own;
So heavy and dark, oft hiding the sun,
And leaving us always alone.
I loved you so! The passionate pain
Of my love will never grow less,
And yet I know there is nothing to gain
In revealing my heart's distress.

A Grave.

THERE'S a flaw in the woof of our friendship;
A cloud mars the blue of the sky;
There's a rift in life's tenderest music,
Its chords only echo a sigh.

There's a coffin and shroud for the old days,
We'll bury them out of our sight;
Yet out of the gloom may come sun-rays,
And radiance out of the night.

I have learned of the cruel world's teaching,
And paid my tuition in tears—
Have scorned all its false, hollow preaching,
And suffered the pain of its sneers.

While all the time, there, in the gloaming,
Was waiting a grave, dark and chill—
A place where is never heard moaning,
Where all our heart passions are still.

So the past we will bury forever,
In a narrow, mysterious grave;
'Tis earth's dearest mission to sever
All hearts. Let the foolish ones rave.

Then.

WHEN the waters cold, of the silent sea,
Are sending their billowy waves o'er me;
When shadow and sunshine blends into glow,
How fondly I loved you—then you will know.

When, limp and chill, lie the hands you have pressed,
Folded forever over pulseless breast,
When closed are my eyes to earth's heavy woe,
How deeply I loved you—then you will know.

When dumb are my lips to sorrow's lament,
When all around me is changeless content,
When on my grave falls the rain and the snow,
How truly I loved you—then you will know.

And when we shall stand, at the judgment day,
And tremblingly hear the words He shall say,
While rippling near does the Gallilee flow,
How purely I loved you—then you will know.

A Passing Thought.

EARTH has its measure of gladness;
Midnight but heralds the morn;
Joy soothes the sorrow of sadness,
'Till happiness wins the forlorn.
Storms often sweep from the mountain,
Filling our hearts with despair:
Stars, mirror'd bright in the fountain,
Calm our importunate prayer.

Earth has a measure of gladness,
But has its full measures of woe,
And Heaven, 'tis said, has no sadness.
And yet—when our little ones go—
We mourn as without consolation,
And question—with hearts full of pain—
Oft saying in grief's desolation,
"We must have our darling again."

Each life—bright or dark—has its ending.
The flow of a dread, silent stream
Toward which all footsteps are tending,
Is nearer, perchance, than we dream:
'Tis wise to reflect—uncomplaining;
We go like the poor broken leaf,
Yet Heaven—sweet promises raining—
Soothes even this bitterest grief.

Forever.

O WORD so strange, so full of awe,
Shall Time e'er bend you to his law?
Shall hearts united once more sever?
Not so—*love* lasts (if true) forever.

The Baby Show.

AS Time on the wing goes hurrying by—
We know how inclined are the moments to fly;
He will leave us a record that ages may know,
That once there was given a grand baby show.

And the record will say in the sagest of lore:
"Once on a time, in the year eighty-four,
In a beautiful town, on the broad prairie green,
There was given the loveliest fair ever seen."

"For there, in a nice, shaded park, were three-score
Of sweet little children. Oh, yes! There were more—
A great many more, of dear little things,
Exactly like angels without any wings."

"There were babies tiny, and babies tall,
Babies heavy, and babies small;
Blue-eyed darlings, as fair as the snow,
And brown-eyed ones, at the baby show."

"There were little, toddling tots, in white,
With faces shining almost as bright
As those about which we somewhere read—
A wonderful, wonderful sight indeed!"

"There were babies with fine, soft, golden hair,
And brown-haired beauties as lovely, were there;
There were curls, and frizzes, and bangs—dear me,
Such a witching assembly you never did see!"

"Such dainty white dresses of 'broidery and lace,
Worn with such infantile sweetness and grace:
Such ribbons, such caps as were worn at this show,
Were dreamed of or fashioned in Eden, I know."

"They came with their mammas, and nurses, and friends,
And with them such visions as Paradise lends:
Good natured, and smiling, and dimpled, were they—
A bevy of cherubs, assembled that day."

"And I think, o'er their innocent heads, in the air,
A chorus of singers from Eden was there;
And I think that the Master was near them, as when
Of old, He remembered the children of men."

This will the record of Father Time be,
When we are asleep near the river or sea;
And many will read in the future, I know,
The tale of Sedalia, and this baby show.

A Memory.

[Dedicated to Mrs. M. B.]

SOMETIME, when the leaves show the yellow and red,
And the sky has the haze of soft autumn weather,
When the plover whirrs swift through the leaves overhead,
Will you think of the day you and I passed together?

Will you remember the blossoms of purple and white,
We culled from the way-side and bound fast together,
Our pleasant ride home, in the waning twilight,
Well laden with snowdrop, blue asters and heather?

Will you think of the call at the small white gate,
And the sunny-eyed matron who came there to greet us;
Our stay till the shadows said—warning—"'tis late,"
And the moon, o'er tree tops, seemed coming to meet us?

Life hath its duties, its sorrows, its pleasures;
Its aims, aspirations—disappointing at best—
But nature in autumn o'erladen with treasures,
Will oft lift the weight from a sorrowful breast.

The Undercurrent.

NO matter how gaily the waves may run,
No matter how bright and dashing,
With gleams of spray, in the golden sun,
Sparkling and shining and flashing.

Beneath is ever the sounds of woe:
The rocks break the heart of the ocean,
A weary, moaning is always below,
Where caged, restless waves are in motion.

And so, in all lives, there are thrills of pain,
No matter how bright is the smiling;
The clouds gather oft, and the falling rain,
Invisible hands are beguiling.

The bitterest cup to our lips is pressed,
We drink of the ruefulest measure;
We weep, for we would forever be blest,
And dwell in the courts of pleasure.

Ah, stranger than fate, are the lives we live!
The deeps are unknown to the shallows.
We cry in the darkness, "forgive, oh, forgive,"
To the God all humanity hallows.

Oh, the deep sea of pain; the dull, weary days!
The sad undercurrent of sorrow!
Dissevered forever from any bright rays
Or hopes whispered cheat—the to-morrow.

Beyond.

THE leaves have a sound like autumn,
The clouds bear a chill trace of rain,
The wind 'neath the eaves is sobbing,
Like a desolate heart in pain.

Close over the hill, dark shadows,
So stealthily, silently creep.
I feel the breath of the frost-king,
Coldly up from the north-lands sweep.

The summer, so dull, is ended;
I turn and look back o'er the way,
And see heavy mists, with which blended
Are shadows, cold, solemn, and gray.

My heart, like the leaf aquiver,
Bends 'neath its portion of pain,
My soul, like the north wind sobbing,
Sheds tears, like the autumn rain.

My life, from her haunts of sadness,
Now turns toward the gleaming west,
And finds calm—even the gladness
Which comes when the weary have rest.

Work and Rest.

OUR work is all this side the river,
And Rest waits on the other shore;
Our fancy sees the palm leaves quiver
In lands of shade, where toil is o'er.

So weary grow we of earth's labor,
So heavy do life's burdens press,
We pity every toiling neighbor,
And at their trials vainly guess.

In pain and sadness—often weeping—
We journey toward the blissful place,
Where kindly angels watch are keeping,
To wipe the tears from off our face.

Our toil will soon be done forever;
Our tasks will no more press their weight,
When we pass the rolling river
Washing up to Eden's gate.

The Shadowed Way.

FATHER, forgive past murmurings!
Forgive the sad tears anguished flow;
Forgive the striving task which brings
Only a harvest time of woe.

What are we that we dare ask,
A respite from one care or pain?
Exoneration from one task,
One cold look less, or word of blame?

If dazzling sunshine be not best,
Should we, in anger, cease to pray?
We plead not for the sluggard's rest,
But for grace to walk the shadowed way.

The shadowed path is best for me:
Let others have the sunlight clear,
Author of Love, I cast my heart on Thee,
And walk in shadow, without fear.

Is It True?

WHEN you hear an evil whisper,
Like the frost-wind biting through,
Stop and think—you have a sister—
Ask this question: "Is it true?"

If the evil heart shall stifle
All remorse, and cry "they say,"
Ask with scorn if 'tis a trifle
Thus to steal a name away.

Stand upon your manhood's honor:
Let the truth fall like the dew;
But when foul-tongued slander whispers,
Sternly question, "Is it true?"

Question—and demand not answer
  Merely—but proof without a flaw;
Think of sister, wife, and mother,
  And apply this righteous law.

Impure hearts, like poison marshes,
  Breed miasma in the air;
Do not listen to their mouthings,
  You have loved ones—so beware.

There are those who strike, in darkness,
  Blows which pierce the pure heart thro'.
Stop the tongue of black faced scandal
  By demanding, "Is it true?"

Woman's Aspiration.

I DO not ask for pomp or power,
  Nor do I wish for fame;
I may go hence at any hour—
  What matters praise or blame?

But few will know—still fewer care—
  How small or great was I,
When I am sleeping over there,
  Beneath the changing sky.

And yet I crave, with earnest heart,
  (While scorning fame and gold)
A love, of all my life a part,
  Which never shall grow cold.

A place where I may bide, serene,
  Apart from earthly snares;
A home, where I may reign as queen,
  Without a monarch's cares.

These give to me, and you may take
  All other forms of bliss;
Give me true love for true love's sake;
  I'll be content with this.

In Memory

[Of Leroy G. Mills.]

"He Died at his Post."

IN battle array, on the field of war,
Charges the eager, maddened host;
Then somebody writes to the friends afar
This message, perhaps: "Died at his post."

The mother, or wife, 'mid her bitter tears,
Feels a thrill of pride—ah! fearful cost!
Though mourning maybe, and for many years,
'Tis sweet to know "he died at his post."

When loud, martial music pulses the heart
With quicker beat, (the day may be lost)
And the blood, like rain, from the blue veins start;
But soldiers never desert their post!

In the murky night, with death by his side,
Old 75 bore a heart more brave
Than one who, into the wild battle rides,
To find, in the tumult, a soldier's grave.

The hand on the valve grew nerveless and weak;
The dizzy brain felt the hold of death—
Away o'er the plain, like a cyclone's freak,
The engine sped; but the fleeter breath

Was gone before the sought-for goal was won.
Leroy was dead; and the boys, at most,
Could only write to the parents—"Your son,
Leroy, is dead, but died at his post!"

* * * * *

Toll the bell softly; the mother's sad tears
Are falling now, and the father's heart
Will carry a cloud for wearisome years—
So hard it is for dear ones to part.

Sometimes a whistle will sound on the air,
  And the mother will say: "My boy is dead;
He stood by that engine over there,
  With the brown curls blowing about his head."

"And sounded for me that sharp, shrill note,
  To tell me good-bye, or, all is well:
But now to my ears that sound does float
  Like a solemn dirge, or a funeral knell."

He sang, ere he died—as a comrade said—
  A hymn like a prayer—its words are lost—
What more can I say? Leroy is dead,
  And died like a hero—"Died at his post!"

Winter.

"TIS winter now, why should you sigh,
  Though roses droop, and lilies die?
There surely will come, by and by,
Brighter days and a fairer sky.

'T is winter, and over the sun
The clouds are creeping, one by one;
The air is chill, the birds have flown
Off to their distant southern home.

'T is winter, and the leafless trees
Quake and moan in the blighting breeze;
And you are sad, and will not see
Visions of spring, which comfort me.

Wait with patience, and trust, and peace,
These winter days will surely cease;
Look how swiftly the dark clouds fly!
Eternal summer drawing nigh.

The Two Grandmothers.

[Respectfully Inscribed to Grandma Kullmer and Grandma Miller.]

THEY sat alone, in the firelight's glow,
And talked of the days of long ago—
Of their dreams and thoughts, the songs they sung,
In the far off days when their life was young.

And they chatted on, as the aged will,
Of those early days ere the winter's chill,
That touched their head with the frost of years,
Had left on their cheeks the trace of tears.

They had loved, and wedded, in early life,
Wearing the crown of mother and wife;
Grandmother, too, and the setting sun,
Shone on a race worthily run.

And they turned their thoughts and their eager eyes,
Away toward the gates of Paradise,
And spoke of the loved ones, gone before,
Who waited for them on the other shore.

And their hearts were filled with a holy awe,
As if their mortal eyes then saw,
Such visions pure, as the prophet John,
Was once permitted to look upon.

Grandma Miller was going away,
To the land of the Star and "Crescent bay,"
That semi-tropic, southwest land,
Near the chill sea-coast, with its bare, white strand.

They knew not when they should meet again,
Though parting thoughts gave them little pain;
For they said: That "only a little way,
Is the path that leads to the perfect day."

They promised then, when either should die,
The other would come, without tear or sigh,
And look her last on the dear, dead face,
With eyes undimmed by the sorrow's trace.

For were they not only going home?
And were they not weary of walking alone?
And were not their loved ones waiting there,
In that land of rest, so shining and fair?

And thus they talked, as the aged will,
While the moments sped, so stealthily still,
That the chimes of the hour were scarcely heard,
And their souls were strangely, holily stirred.

A silent prayer, and then "good night,"
While 'round them a halo seemed shining bright,
As if the heavenly gate stood wide,
Awaiting these souls so purified.

Through Pain.

THERE is strength of suffering born,
A courage taught by pain,
Serene, and grand, and bright it shines,
Like sunlight after rain.

They who have known no suffering,
Are timid, and afraid,
Where burning plowshares gleam so bright,
Their hearts stand still dismayed.

Not so, the brave, strong, suffering heart,
Which knows that way of old,
The stinging pain, the best barbed dart,
Shakes not its courage, bold.

When flames leap up, the martyrs sing,
They die and make no moan;
Crowned with the strength of suffering,
They proudly journey home.

September.

SEPTEMBER is here, and over the land,
The tinted leaves sigh softly, and sway
For a moment, ere to the lonely strand,
They bend their faces, and float away.

We watch, and we wonder whither they go,
Floating so still o'er the silent stream;
And question if aught in the river's flow
Hath power to sooth life's fevered dream.

O, leaves grown sere in the autumn gale,
You are emblems true of all earthly trust,
We tremblingly cling—with faces pale—
'Till destiny sweeps us into the dust.

Our hopes are falling, and failing, each day;
Our dearly loved go to come no more,
We are as helplessly weak, in our way,
As sere leaves falling along the shore.

Greeting.

"HAPPY New Year!" To friend and foe,
I bid this cheerful greeting go,
And send it, with a pray'r, to bless,
That it may bring some happiness.

We go our way so much alone,
Our voices take a frozen tone;
We speak the words we do not mean,
And keep our truest thoughts unseen.

This is the lesson each must learn,
(Though honest hearts with sorrow burn,)
Dissemble with a smiling face,
And stab to death with sweetest grace.

The great, wide world! How fair and grand!
What pigmies we, who scorn and hate;
To friend and foe, here is my hand,
Forgive me, if 'tis offered late.

God grant you each a happy year;
May hope's fruition never fail;
May peace and plenty hover near;
May seas be calm, and full each sail.

May every morning dawn with bliss,
And may the evening sun go down
In royal splendor. May happiness,
Full, free, and perfect, this year crown.

The Ides of March.

WAIL, wild March winds! Cry louder yet!
The world hath need of notes of woe;
The hearts which pulse with vain regret,
Join in thy swayings to and fro;

Join in thy sobbings; feel thy pain;
Know all the misery expressed;
Sad tears fall fast—like beating rain,
On wringing hands, on burdened breast.

O, Ides of March! O, Isles of death!
Where are the hearts that loved us so?
Where swept the quickly fleeting breath?
Where did the passing spirit go?

Alas, more loudly sighs the gale!
Who can interpret whisperings,
Heard on the winds along the vale?
Who learn the songs the March wind sings?

Only a Dream.

IT was a dream; and yet to me
'T was real, nor fraught with mystery.
For once again—as oft of yore—
I stood within the farm-house door—
The dear old homestead, brown and grim—
And heard the river's murmuring din,
And saw the trees, full-freighted, bright
With fragrant blossoms, pink and white.

And, as I stood in ecstacy,
There came a friend who questioned me;
A friend, alas, who long had lain
Beneath the sod, in sun and rain;
He said, "My friend, has life been fair
And shadowless, as free from care,
As in those days, when you and I
Watched shadows o'er the river fly?"

"Has fate been gentle, kind, to you?
Have friends been faithful? Lovers true?
Have foes been honest in their hate?
Your heart ne'er torn and desolate?
And have you tried to do your best?
With patient trust have you been blest?"
And then there came, o'er sunny lawn,
A darksome gloom, as when the dawn

Of stormy morning chills the sky,
And all the blossoms seemed to die.
The Susquehanna moaned complaint;
My heart grew cold, my spirit faint,
For I must answer, knew I well,
And all life's solemn story tell;
Confessions make, for tasks ill done.
The clouds grew thicker o'er the sun.

Then answer made I, low and still
Without volition, strength or will—
"O, friend of mine, you cannot know
How earthly trials vex one; so
When I tell you all the pain,
Of years misspent, you'll rise again
To your bright home, and leave me here.
With heavier anguish, greater fear.

At best, I scarcely know the way
To walk aright, from day to day;
My spirit—though with broken wing—
And chained to earth, essays to sing;
And sometimes I have clothed the poor,
And fed the hungry; I am sure
I never saw a heart's distress
Unmoved, or, with cold carelessness,

Have passed the weak and weary by;
But tears have wiped from many an eye.
Yet I have caused some tears to flow,
Have brought to some hearts direful woe;
Have wounded those I loved the most,
And those most loved have often lost;
And I have suffered deeper grief
Than I could bring to your belief."

And thus I murmured on and on,
Till, glancing up, my friend had gone.
And I was standing there alone,
Half-frozen, like a granite stone;
Disgusted at my weak attempt
At self-excuse—my discontent—
His strong, pure soul had flown away,
And left me there, with naught to say.

And then I wept such blinding tears,
As sad hearts weep when crushing years
Of mingled misery and pain
Press on them, like wild storms of rain.
And while I moaned, in deep despair,
I heard my name; and glancing, where
A ray of sunshine flickered through
The rich green leaves, all wet with dew,

I saw this motto, written clear,
And read it with a thrill of fear:
"A Christian heart, though full of grief,
Knows where to look for sure relief,
Knows how to live, knows how to die,
In hope of Immortality."
And then I woke, and saw the light
Shine from the east, clear, calm and bright,

And knew that far and far away,
The rippling Susquehanna lay,
And the great farm house, brown and old,
To strangers, long ago was sold;
And the friend I thought was dead
Was living, and the words he said
Were only fancies of the brain;
And yet my heart felt smothered pain;

And tears were resting on my face,
And life seemed such a weary race,
I fain would stop, and rest for aye,
Or till the dawning of that day
When all the burdens shall be cast,
And sorrow evermore be past.
Impatient still, I do not deem
Significant, that fitful dream.

A Ghost Story.

ONCE I saw a ghost! The midnight
Blended glow of moon and starlight—
A ghost-like glow across the lawn—
A mingled mist, like dark and dawn.
Silent sitting, 'midst these shadows—
Looking out o'er lonely meadows,
Where two lovers late had stayed,
Talking long 'neath maple shade.

Sitting silent, sadly thinking
Of the past; there came a sinking
Of my heart—a dismal fear,
As when some awful grief is near.
Looking up, I saw a woman,
A ghost-like presence, scarcely human—
And yet, most surely not divine—
Which placed a clammy hand on mine.

"'Stay," it said, in voice like sighing,
"Stay, and hear, nor think of flying;
I am naught that you can dread—
None need fear a woman dead."
As I listened, sorely frightened,
To her words, the dark sky brightened
Until I saw, with perfect vision,
Her worn face of cold derision.

All in white, there stood she talking,
While the very trees seemed stalking
Along the edge of marsh and moat,
And earth in air seemed all afloat.
"'Come," said she, "a grave I'll show you—
There it lies, just there below you,
It is with rag-weed all o'er grown,
Lift the sod, and raise the stone."

Her bidding quick to do, I hasted,
While she said: "A life once wasted
Ne'er can be redeemed again;
Naught can still remorseful pain."
Dragging out the coffin slowly,
From its resting place, so lowly,
Lifted I the battered lid,
And saw a broken heart there hid.

"That heart was mine," she said; "though walking
'T is but a wraith you now hear talking;
Every hope of mine has fled,
And I am lonely, cold and dead."
Then I heard—far off, and flying—
Angels of pity sadly crying.
Clouds the twilight now had banished;
The moon shone out, the ghost had vanished.

Resignation.

WHAT Thou dost send, of woe or weal,
I will accept with patient trust;
My wounded heart shall not reveal
The thoughts which bow it to the dust.

If best for me, dishonored name,
By foes assailed in every place,
The burden of a people's blame,
I'll bear with never failing grace.

For, ah! it matters little here—
Time is so short, my days so few—
Whether weal or woe is near,
Whether sun or clouds in view.

Thou knowest all; and Thou art judge
Of all the paths my feet have trod;
To Thee I look for all reward,
Thou art my Father and my God.

Tempted.

AH! Curse of poverty! At your door,
May oft be found a crowd of crimes;
Ravenous wolves were there before,
'Tis thus the manners stain the times.

Oh, fair was she! A goddess, carved
From purest marble, stainless white,
But she was threadbare—aye, and starved—
Standing there in the ruthless night.

Standing there, in the saddest grief
A mortal woman ever felt,
While, stealing up, like a loathsome thief,
He crept, and at her weak feet knelt.

Knelt, and made this shameful plea,
"Be mine! be mine! and I'll provide
Rich silks, and laces rare, for thee"—
Yet, said he not "be mine own bride."

She sadly thought of children twain,
Who cried, "Oh, mamma, give us bread!"
She thought of all her efforts, vain,
And then she thought of loved ones dead.

Unto her heart the tempter spoke:
"Why not? why not? is it not best?
Yield, for light will be the yoke,
And you will then have peace and rest."

He put his arm about her waist;
She threw it off, with quick disdain,
Saying: "Oh, monster, why such haste?
Why tempt me, in my hour of pain?"

Then, helped by spirits blessed, she cried:
"No, tempter! No, a million times!
I mind the day I stood a bride,
Beneath the southern scented limes."

"I mind the day my husband kissed
My lips, and held me to his heart.
No! No! though all the serpents hissed
That ever rent two souls apart."

"Now go thy way, for sooner I
Would starve, than live a life of blame—
Sooner would hear my children cry
For bread, than o'er a mother's shame."

"My dower of holy motherhood,
For all thy wealth I would not stain.
Go, monster! Go, my womanhood
Is now aroused; you plead in vain."

He slunk away into the night,
As slinks the wolf from torch and spear,
While o'er her life a star gleamed bright,
And never more came tempter near.

The star that o'er her pathway shone
Was brighter, better far, than gold,
'Twas virtue, like a girdling zone,
Which brought her blessings manifold.

Fancies.

I SOMETIMES fancy, when the trees are still,
And all the leaves rest, as if sleeping,
Beyond the summit of a cloud-born hill,
I see a little, bright face peeping.

I sometimes fancy, when a joyous bird,
With laughing note, flies low before me,
His song may be an angel's word,
Sent down from where the skies bend o'er me.

I sometimes fancy, when the night winds come
To stir the hearts of fragrant roses,
Their sweetness is the breath of one
Whose soul the jasper wall incloses.

I often fancy, when the eastern skies
  First show a gleam of morning's gladness,
'T is her bright smile, that from my eyes
  Should chase the last dull cloud of sadness.

And then I fancy, when the sun goes down
  In flaming grandeur, ere the star of even,
With beaming face, puts on her brilliant crown,
  Her hand has pushed ajar the gate of heaven.

Oh, fancies! pure as breath from Eden,
  The rest ye bring my weary heart
Is more than all this world has given
  To soothe the pain Death's wounds impart.

Under the Linden.

MY love lies under the linden tree,
  Lies and sleeps in the sun and rain,
And never gives thought or dream to me,
  Suffering so, in a world of pain.

My love is dead, and I loved him true;
  Yet he died and left me sobbing alone.
Over his grave I planted a yew,
  And there at his head a cold white stone.

If my love had loved so well as I,
  Death had not taken him thus from me.
He loved me, yes, and I saw him die,
  And now he sleeps 'neath the linden tree.

Love is life, and life is brief;
  My love is dead, and life to me
Is only sad days, fraught with grief,
  And tears shed under the linden tree.

Be Still.

BE still! Oh, throbbing heart, and wait
For calm to rest on foaming wave;
Life cannot all be desolate,
Though winds do howl and waters rave.

Be still! And look beyond the now,
And see the light dawn o'er the land;
Watch for its gleam on mountain brow;
Wait for the voice of God's command.

Ah yes, I know how weary days,
And sleepless nights have been your lot:
I know you long to see sun-rays,
Where now is only darksome blot.

I know it well, and yet say: Wait;
Be still, and let no dismal moan
Float up to the eternal gate.
Are you in suffering alone?

Though tortures rend your nerves, so tense,
Be still and quiet in your place—
"Behind a frowning Providence,"
Your Father, "hides a smiling face."

Only a Little Coffin.

[Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dixon.]

ONLY a little coffin; within it a tiny form;
Only a heart quite pulseless,
Which late was throbbing warm;
Only some fond hopes shattered
In loving parents' breast,
Only some fresh earth scattered over a babe at rest.

This world, with its heavy burdens,
Might crush, with a weight of care,
The tender heart of your loved one;
'T is well he is resting where
Temptation does not enter,
To mar the sweet peace there.

'T is sad when our darlings leave us
For other, fairer lands,
And the sting of death will grieve us,
We raise imploring hands,
And pray for their lives with anguish,
Which our agony commands.

Only a still form, resting
Beneath the daises white,
A rest forever lasting, without the gloom of night.
Only a child more given
To swell the chorus sweet,
Sung by happy angels, with harmony complete.

A Monologue.

[Written on Reading of the Suicide of Mrs. Jno. Barlow, June 26th, 1884.]

WHEN the silence profound of Eternity's night
Creeps over the dark'ning horizon of life,
Then visions of sorrow must vanish from sight,
And stilled to a hush will be all earthly strife.

The enemies then, who have hated us so,
Can reach us no more in their slanderous spite,
Nor bring to our eyelids one tear-stain of woe,
Nor tear our heart chords with venomous might.

It seems, oftentimes, that a rest in the grave
Were a thing to be wished, as a pearl of great worth;
And it seems that some suffering heart must enslave
The pity of angels, for troubles on earth.

The failures of life are so many! Indeed,
There are few can claim the perfection of weal;
So many are striving, so few may succeed,
There is so much of mirage, so little of real.

Thus, thinking in sadness, with heart full of tears,
Who can say: "It is better to suffer on still,
Than give up the wearisome battle of years,
And peacefully rest in a grave on the hill."

John and I.

WE walked to the old bridge—John and I—
Walked with light steps, quick and free;
A glory shone o'er the lambent sky,
And blossoms nodded from bush and tree.

We spoke of the world in a cheerful way—
Of the life we had just begun together—
We hoped that no storms might darken our day,
But that our years would have sunny weather.

Oh, why does earth mar the dreams of youth?
Why does Death lurk, all ties to sever?
Why does a falsehood strangle the truth,
And friends, true and tender, be sundered forever?

* * * * * *

We walked to the old bridge—John and I—
He with a weak form, low and bent;
I with slow step and tear-dimmed eye,
And a heart all burdened with discontent.

For there, by the river, the graveyard lay,
With white stones gleaming cold in the sun;
And there were our dear ones, dead but a day—
Children and grand-children, every one.

"Mary," said John, "what a lonely road
We've journeyed together, as man and wife;
Bearing our troubles—a dismal load—
Worn by suffering, wearied by strife."

"Yet, Mary," said John, in a kinder tone,
"I do not regret our marriage; do you?
If much we have suffered, 't was never alone,
And our love for each other has always been true."

"Ah, John," said I, "you were ever dear"—
And the tears were falling over my face—
"Our troubles are almost over here,
And we shall dwell in a better place."

Then, hand in hand, we sat quite still,
And turned our eyes to the western sun,
And thought, while the evening air grew still,
Of our journey together, now almost done.

And we thought, though often our path had seemed
O'ershadowed and bleak with gloomy weather,
Through every cloud a ray had gleamed,
For all the long way we had walked together.

As At First.

IN those early days, when the world was young,
When joy, and peace, sweetest duo sung,
And Eden's flowers were as fresh and fair
As the life God gave to the happy pair
Who dwelt in the shade, and felt the breeze
On their faces blow, from the great palm trees:

Temptation came, and they each partook.
Then the first formed man—says the holy book—
Put all the blame on his loving wife,
And strove to sneak from the coming strife.
"The woman thou gavest!" "How brave that cry!"
Laughed the serpent low, as he glided by.

And so it came to pass, for aye.
As then it was, so it is to-day,
When any evil thing is told,
Man slinks away, as he did of old,
And says—the woman thou gavest me
Is full of dire iniquity.

And oft they talk, in a lofty way,
Of woman weak; and they grandly say,
Her mind, like her body, is very frail.
Then of this weakness they each avail,
And think, when they hear of some great ill,
The Eve of Eden is plotting still.

Lines.

[To Mrs. S. F. B.]

I THINK of you often, sometimes with tears;
Your life seems so lonely; and all the years
Seem bringing you sorrow; bringing you pain;
And every to-morrow shadows, again.

I think of you often; wondering when
All shadow shall vanish. Ah! you will then
Know freedom of spirit—inheritance sweet—
A just, honest measure, full and complete.

Life should give sunshine to such as you,
Faithful to friends—always tender and true.
Life should bring blessings, not sorrow's tears,
And you should be happy throughout the years.

If wishes brought gladness, you should be glad.
If wishes cured troubles, ne'er should be sad;
Alas! I can give you only the best
Wishes, (with love)! May you be blest.

Haunted.

WAITING for something—we know not what;
Watching for moments which never are here—
For messages sweet, by grim Time forgot,
For faces and footsteps unknown, yet dear.

Watching and waiting with anxious eyes
For friends we never on earth shall see,
Who sometime may come in spirit guise,
When death has taken us over the sea.

Eagerly watching, through sun and rain,
For something we never can understand;
Always looking, and ever in vain,
For the tender touch of some vanished hand.

Our eyes are dim with endless woe;
Our faces chilled by dull despair;
Watching and waiting for footsteps slow,
Which never were known to be anywhere.

Haunted by vague, intangible things;
Striving to pierce the mystic veil;
Listening for songs some angel sings,
And hearing only the world's sad wail.

Haunted by something we never can see,
Longing for someone we never can find—
Is this the spirit's strange mystery?
The crying, in darkness, of souls that are blind?

Pennsylvania.

DEAR native land, thy rivers run
From pine-clad mountains to the sea;
Thy valleys smile in heaven's sun,
Fruit-laden, like an apple tree.

Free are thy hills, dear native land;
Warm are the hearts thy children bear;
Cool are thy dells, thy mountains grand,
And bright the emerald crown they wear.

We send thee greeting from the West,
Thy children here, so far from home;
Of all the world, we love thee best,
And grieve for thee where e'er we roam.

We drink to thee, of waters clear,
As that which bubbles from thy rills;
We toast thee with an earnest cheer
As e'er was heard 'midst thine own hills.

We pledge each other, friend and friend,
Born on thy soil, though far we rove;
We pledge each other, as we send
Kind greetings to the land we love.

Between us and our childhood friends,
  Large rivers roll, huge prairies spread,
Yet soul sends greeting unto soul
  With earnest heart and reverent head.

Contrast.

I THINK of you, always, as one
  Who dwells in a radiant light;
You there, 'neath the clear summer sun;
I here, 'midst the shadow of night.

Flowers spring up where you tread;
Thorns gather thick in my way;
Roses droop sweet o'er your head:
While rue is my portion to-day.

You reach me your hand, it is true,
And would help me—alas! if you could—
I shrink and hide, even from you,
Who always were noble and good.

Yes, hide, with my heart full of pain
'Neath the clouds which have darkened my way,
I watch—yet forever in vain—
For a rift, where shall gleam a bright ray.

I never, ah, never shall know,
How much, or little you care:
You dwell in a roseate glow
Of happiness, I may not share.

Nor do I desire this to be:
My heart is to friendship more true.
The sand of the desert for me—
The blossoms of Eden for you.

Ad Finem.

BORN in sadness, and baptised with tears;
Freighted with burdens, and oppressed by fears;
Emblems of all on earth that grieves,
Are these—my treasures—my poor Myrtle Leaves.

Why did I write them? Ah! I could not say,
They came as tears come, when we kneel to pray;
They came as visions of a past, long dead,
Or ghosts of anguish, when our youth has fled.

Why do I publish? Friend, I this but know,
These "Myrtle Leaves," they clogged my footsteps so,
And seemed to clamor, with a pleading look,
"Oh gather and save us! Bind us in a book."

You say these leaves have never borne one bloom;
You say for books there scarce is any room.
Why did I write them? Ah! I could not say—
They came as rain comes when the clouds are gray.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 597 101 6